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FOR METHODIST FAMILIES / DECEMBER 1966



ANYONE who has taken part in a church Christmas pageant knows the trials, tribulations—and rewards—that sometimes attend this annual event. Junior's beard keeps falling off, sister turns up with the sniffles, and one of the Wise Men keeps forgetting his lines. Well, the congregation at El Portal (Calif.) Community Church, near Yosemite National Park, no longer worries about such things.

Two years ago, the El Portal pageant was performed for the camera of Norman Bishop, a park naturalist and skilled photog-

A Child Is Born



The innkeeper finds quarters for Joseph and Mary in a stable.



"And lo, the star which they had seen in the East went before them..." For Tom Lauenroth, one of the Wise Men, photographer Bishop devised a workable astronomical instrument from a coat hanger and cardboard dowel.

rapher. Under direction of the Rev. Donald Baldwin, Community's pastor, he recorded the Nativity story on color slides, using beautiful Yosemite as his studio for outdoor scenes.

There were problems, of course: a donkey that refused to behave, and a stray deer that came to feed in the Babe's manger. But there were benefits, too: pictures that combine realism and mood, and the chance to involve more children in the various scenes—two different Marys and two different Josephs, for example.

The final step was editing the slides and preparing a narration drawn directly from the Scriptures—a process in which Pastor Baldwin's wife, a drama-school graduate, helped considerably. But, says Mr. Baldwin, any church group could do the same thing—even without Yosemite Park for a backdrop. "The result," he says, "is a unique Christmas program that can be used again and again through the years." —H. B. Teeter

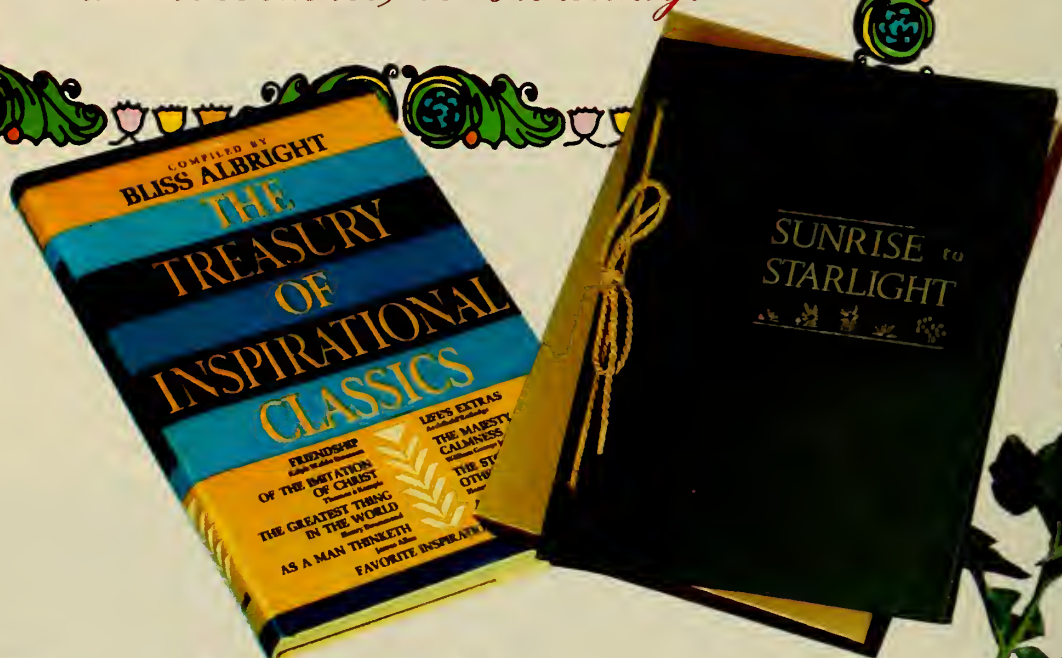


The shepherds say: "Let us go over to Bethlehem and see this thing that has happened, which the Lord has made known to us." Note how the photographer chose a Yosemite background resembling Christ's native Palestine.

Mary and the Christ Child: Joseph, warned of Herod's wrath, will flee with Jesus and his mother to Egypt.



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with thine? Dost thou love and serve
God? It is enough, I give thee
the right hand of fellowship.

—John Wesley (1703-1791)

Together®

For Methodist Families / December 1966



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After-Hour Jottings . . . In times past we have been called upon, either by others or by some mystic urge, to put words on paper concerning the season at hand. Over the years, the words have mounted into the thousands, but long ago we realized we can never say exactly what we want to say about Christmas.

We were not the first, nor will we be the last, to write about the first Christmas one remembers. (In our case, it was a small church on Christmas Eve, a cedar that towered to the ceiling, and the memory of going out into the cold, clear night, looking with childish eagerness for the star of Bethlehem.)

Like others, we have written about winter winds whining sad tales of forgotten Christmases around the ruins of old chimneys; and we have pictured soft snows powdering the midnight solitudes of evergreen forests. We have joined in decrying the ever-increasing commercialization of Christmas, yet we have joyed in the fantasy and beauty some of this

(Continued on page 4)

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TASTES SO GOOD AND SO GOOD FOR YOU

JOTTINGS/ (Continued from page 3)

commercialization has helped to create.

Through starshine and tinsel, tragedy, and bright presents under a tree, we have joined others in seeking the real meaning of Christmas. We hope you will find it in more than one place in this issue, which we also hope you will discover to be a somewhat different kind of Christmas edition of TOGETHER.

That Christmas does inspire more of our contributors than perhaps any other season is evident by the manuscripts that reach us just before and after the holidays. One such was *The Joy That Night* [page 27] which arrived in our office early last January.

"This one had to be written now," says the author, **Kathleen Davis**, who lives in Cincinnati, Ohio. "You may wonder how it can be authentic and still have left me time to write it."

We did wonder, and Mrs. Davis explains that her mother-in-law—the central figure in her narrative—"must have someone nearby all the time . . . She sits here quietly while I write. She likes to hear the typewriter, she claims—it usually puts her to sleep."

"Having to stay home with Mother is not martyrdom for me. In fact, I'm happier now, with some time for writing, than when I was WSCS president, AAUW chairman, den mother, and vice-president of the PTA—simultaneously!"

All of which has something to do with the spirit of Christmas the year around.

Again, we were thinking as we glanced through final proofs of this issue, **Betty C. Entner** could have added a few snowflakes and a wreath to make her *With Naught But Love* [page 20] a Christmas story. But it didn't happen in December, and her narrative happens to be a true one involving real people. We think hers is a remarkably touching little story, with a fine, old-fashioned, character-building hint thrown in for good measure.

About Mrs. Entner: there is a Christmas connection of sorts. It all happened nearly 25 years ago, during World War II. Living near the Pacific, Mrs. Entner happened to spin across the shortwave band of her radio, and heard an American soldier speaking from a Japanese internment camp. For propaganda reasons, perhaps, the Japanese were allowing some Allied prisoners to broadcast "blind" over transmitters in various internment camps in the South Pacific.

After that, Mrs. Entner listened to many of the broadcasts. An ex-secretary, she took down every word in shorthand, and began sending letters to relatives of the imprisoned soldiers.

"We located or learned to spell many new towns throughout the world," she told us. "An unexpected dividend was the receipt of grateful letters from parents or families from America, Australia, New Zealand, England, and other countries."

Oh, yes, Mrs. Entner adds, "This happened during the fall and Christmas holidays, which made the whole project even more of a blessing. It has been years now . . . but the smile still appears when I think of that period in my life."

As a **sidelight**, aimed especially at TOGETHER's family of photographers, we call attention to the color feature *A Child Is Born* [inside cover], and to the picture of Mary, Joseph, and the innkeeper. The Rev. **Don Baldwin**, who supervised production of the photographic Christmas pageant, tells us the innkeeper's lamp was actually made of clay. "A little flashbulb was placed where the wick of the lamp would be—thus the shadow is cast right from the lamp itself." By the way, you photographers are reminded that the deadline for TOGETHER's *Photo Invitational* is February 1. Details on page 72.)



Don Wilson: Our Advent artist.

You will note that, for a change, there are no photographs in this month's eight-page color section [pages 35-42] on Advent. The artwork is that of a youthful Chicago editorial and commercial artist named **Don Wilson** whose individuality of style may or may not be due to the fact that he has had no formal art training. Despite this, Mr. Wilson (now in his early 20s) already is doing major assignments for a number of important commercial accounts, and his work has appeared in other magazines of general circulation.

Long before the artist came into the picture, however, TOGETHER's **Helen Johnson** was in touch with Mrs. **Lorraine Westerberg**, wife of the president of Methodist-related Kendall College, Evanston, Ill. Mrs. Westerberg, who served as consultant on the Advent pictorial before Miss Johnson tackled the text, is a specialist in church tradition. She is well-known for her presentations to WSCS groups, and for participation in workshops held by Methodists and other denominations.

—Your Editors

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Churches of the future may be grouped in interfaith parks or "campuses" with underground parking and public transportation. The clustering concept tends to promote ecumenical dialogue and the sharing of Christian education, ministry, and worship.

The New Cities:

Laboratories for Church Development

ONE OF the church's most peppery controversies of recent years has centered on church extension. Some who see the need of radical reforms have lashed out against the church's "edifice complex," deplored its "stained glass" mentality, and even have suggested trial moratoriums on church construction.

Institutional administrators, responding a bit defensively, have made the point that God's people can't gather on vacant lots to worship, study, and organize for action in the world. Forming new congregations and building church plants, they declare, is a practical necessity of mission, even though it lacks the glamor of coffeehouse ministries, sand-and-surf evangelism, and jazz liturgy.

Fruitful Furor: What seems to be emerging from the furor is a new theology of church development, an overdue recognition of the need for better church planning and strategy, and a growing realization that church facilities must be servant, not master.

Dr. Ralph T. Mirse, director of Methodism's young Department of New Church Development, builds a convincing case for the compatibility of church extension and renewal. The new congregation, says the Philadelphia executive, has no established patterns, no local traditions, no cliques, no one to complain, "But we've always done it *this* way." By their very nature, new churches are open to new forms of worship, education, and ministry.

The denomination is in the midst of a major research effort to find out why some congregations succeed while others fail, why some flourish and others flounder. The study, to be completed next spring, may provide better guide lines for starting new churches and helping them serve.

Methodist leadership, meanwhile, is beginning to recognize that church extension—once considered merely a "banking operation" to finance new beach-heads in middle-class suburbs—must cut a broader

swath. New churches also are needed in racially changing neighborhoods, inner-city districts, high-rise apartments, low-cost housing projects, retirement villages, and vacation centers.

Failure of Federation: Most church planners regard federated churches as a 50-year failure. One is the Rev. Robert D. Ball, a Methodist minister with the Maryland Council of Churches. The "comity" or federation principles laid down early in the century allowed one "co-operating" congregation to locate in the hub of a community; others often were forced to take inferior sites. Even under comity, one "co-operating" church might crowd at a choice intersection with other "nonco-operating" ones.

"If we really believe churches can work together," says Mr. Ball, "why not start locating our churches on a single tract of land either adjacent to or in the commercial center of the community?"

Churches could be clustered on "campuses" says the Maryland planner, and, among other benefits, share educational facilities, libraries, and parking; develop team ministries and combine administrative staff work; and beat high land costs.

What Mr. Ball suggests is revolutionary, but not original. A growing number of business corporations, government agencies, church groups, and other non-profit organizations are directing their best efforts at dealing with the almost hopeless tangle of human problems in today's cities. One of the newest is the Committee for National Land Development Policy, a group of prominent architects, bankers, sociologists, and land developers which recently proposed 25 new cities.

The "new city" concept is one attempt to answer the problem of look-alike subdivisions and rapidly disappearing open spaces. Near but set apart from existing urban areas, most "new cities" are little more than big housing developments with a shopping

center and a golf course thrown in. The more promising of the planned cities probably narrow down to a dozen or so where developers have done a great deal of homework before letting loose their bulldozers.

The Columbia Project: One of the leaders in this select field is the projected city of Columbia, Md., located halfway between Baltimore and Washington, D.C.

Columbia is the dream of James M. Rouse, mortgage banker and developer, big thinker, and active Presbyterian layman who believes that serious problems develop when cities are out of scale with people; that cities are too big for people to comprehend, to feel a part of, to feel responsible for, to feel important in. This out-of-scale-ness, he says, promotes loneliness, irresponsibility, and superficial values.

James Rouse wants Columbia to be "a garden where people grow." To prepare the soil properly, he called in and listened for months to consulting experts from an encyclopedic array of disciplines—education, recreation, health, economics, psychology and sociology, the arts, communication, transportation, land use, government and politics, and religion.

After more than four years of research, land acquisition, and securing financial backing for the \$2 billion venture, developer Rouse now has underway the first of nine villages, to be unveiled next spring. If all goes according to plan, Columbia's 24 square miles of rural Howard County will be home for 100,000 persons by 1980.

A town center will include shopping and business facilities for the whole community and be the crossroads of major traffic arteries. Schools, recreational facilities, churches, and shops will be set in smaller village centers.

Housing will vary from apartments and townhouses to detached single-family homes and will be suitable for a population with a diversity of income and occupation from janitors to corporation presidents. Columbia's developers plan to attract enough commercial and industrial enterprises to employ about half of its residents.

From the outset, the Rouse organization has consulted with the National and Maryland Councils of Churches and denominational representatives. Dr. Stanley Hallett, a Methodist minister and brilliant church planner for the Church Federation of Greater Chicago, made a preliminary study of the new town for the NCC in 1964.

Dr. Hallett says it is rare indeed for thought to be given to the question of developing the religious life of a whole community. "The tendency has been to conceive of new church development as a problem of relating the appropriate number of local con-

gregations of various denominations to the projected population." At Columbia, he says, the specific tasks of churches as institutional structures are brought into sharp focus, raising questions which seldom, if ever, have been asked in a systematic way.

Dr. Hallett estimates that the completed Columbia probably will need 40 to 60 Protestant churches with a median membership of 1,000. Seven or eight would be Methodist.

Pragmatic Ecumenism: In Columbia, the churches will experiment with shared facilities, shared finances, shared staff, and shared administration—all pragmatic structures of ecumenicity.

Most of the religious life innovations for this new town hinge on the success of the recently organized Congress of the Columbia Co-operative Ministry, with which 22 leaders of 9 denominations and 2 local churches in the Columbia vicinity signed covenant agreements last May. Among signers were Dr. Philip C. Edwards and Dr. B. P. Murphy, both Methodist Board of Missions executives.

In June, Lawrence Cardinal Shehan of Baltimore appointed a priest to work with the Cooperative Ministry as the Roman Catholic coordinator of ecumenism at Columbia. In addition, an interfaith, nonprofit housing corporation is being formed to provide "seed money" to secure federal funds.

Methodism was among the first of the denominations to commit itself to support (to the tune of \$250,000) a Columbia Religious Facilities Corporation to acquire real property and develop buildings. A total of \$1.4 million from 7 of the 10 co-operating denominations was pledged by October.

The corporation represents the first

time in Protestant history that major denominations have pooled their church building financial resources for such a broadly scaled and comprehensive plan of ecumenical cooperation.

The maiden phase is a church complex of several buildings on a five-acre tract in the village of Wilde Lake, the first unit of Columbia. Plans are to provide central educational and administrative facilities, and three church buildings for joint denominational use.

One of the key features of the Columbia plan is a shared-time religious education program. Under this concept, one classroom will do the work of five or six church school rooms.

Also proposed is an Ecumenical Institute for adult religious education and expanded dialogue between religious groups, a Pastoral Counseling Center, and a church-sponsored vocational training and counseling institute.

To the wider community, Columbia church planners propose metropolitan and world mission programs including service to the core areas of nearby Baltimore and Washington, exploration of Christian responsibility in international affairs, and the establishment of a national conference and retreat center.

New Directions? William Cate writes that, "The inability of isolated congregations or area denominational units to relate themselves meaningfully to the total community is a problem of long duration to the Protestant churches of America."

The Columbia project—and the new church development thinking it reflects and doubtless will engender—could point the way to changing all that. □

Two Divisions Vote \$130,000 for Delta Ministry Support

Acting over objections by Mississippi churchmen, two divisions of the Methodist Board of Missions have voted a total of \$130,000 to support the controversial Delta Ministry (DM) of the National Council of Churches.

Meeting in New York City, the board's National Division approved an appropriation of \$70,000 for the DM's current budget—\$40,000 of it to be applied toward the Mississippi project's indebtedness of about \$200,000. The Woman's Division allocated another \$60,000 to be divided between this year's and next year's program.

The Methodist grants promise to pump new life into what in recent months has been an anemic and curtailed relief and rehabilitation project against poverty and racial inequality. The DM has been under heavy fire for its activist stance and methods in promoting Negro employment, housing, and voter registration.

The Methodist funds are, to date, the largest show of support by any denomination. They represent, according to NCC leaders, almost half of the amount anticipated this year from nine Protestant denominations and member communions of the World Council of Churches.

In approving Delta Ministry funds, missions leaders rejected by a large margin an alternative motion which would have channeled funds through Mississippi Methodism rather than the National Council.

Bishop Edward J. Pendergrass of Jackson, Miss., pleaded that if the money was to be appropriated, "let it be a Methodist program." While recognizing the need for missionary activity among the dispossessed in Mississippi, the bishop also warned of "the real threat of church withdrawals" and a decline in World Service giving.

A Negro Methodist bishop and a

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top Board of Missions official voiced spirited rebuttal to the Mississippi bishop's remarks.

Bishop Charles F. Golden of Nashville contended that Methodism could not allow itself to be threatened by white congregations which might split with the denomination or withhold World Service support. The decision on supporting the Delta Ministry "must be on moral and theological grounds, not on the grounds of expediency," he declared.

Dr. J. Edward Carothers of New York City, National Division chief, argued against unilateral action by Methodists in the Mississippi project. While conceding that the Delta Ministry had made mistakes and needed improvement in several areas, he said that a solely Methodist program would be too expensive, could not draw on support from governmental antipov-erty projects, and "wouldn't be trusted by anyone but white Mississippians."

... And Mississippi Protests

Strong disapproval of Methodist Board of Missions action in voting \$130,000 for the Delta Ministry [see preceding story] has been voiced in a statement by Bishop Edward J. Pendergrass and 12 white district superintendents in Mississippi.

In response, Methodists in the state have been assured by a missions board official that improvements already have been made in the Delta Ministry's administration and methods, and that other reforms will follow.

In criticizing the granting of funds, Bishop Pendergrass and his cabinet faulted the DM on a number of counts. Their statement asserted that the Delta Ministry has been more political than Christian in nature, in civil rights, and in allegiance; that it has made no effort toward reconciliation by establishing communication between white and Negro communities; and that DM staff members regard the civil rights movement as a war to be won at all costs.

The statement further charged that the Delta Ministry has not developed true indigenous leadership; that its program has been in direct opposition to all modern concepts of Christian mission; and that the DM program is not ecumenical in nature.

Other criticisms were that the DM program is primarily one of political action; that with the exception of one private program of food distribution, staff activities have been aimed at building the Negro poor into a politically powerful pressure group; and that the Delta Ministry has identified with and given material aid and support to the Freedom Democratic Party.

Mississippi churchmen also have voiced serious concern over whether certain changes will be made in Delta

Ministry program and policy, as recommended by a special NCC Evaluation Committee last June.

Dr. J. Edward Carothers of New York City, National Division executive, responded to Bishop Pendergrass in a telegram which read, in part:

"... very definite improvements are already made. Others will follow. These changes incurred the shifting of staff to make more competent services available. . . . There will be definite assignments to improve the communications between all persons concerned.

"... these changes in method and procedure have been overdue for some time and it is also widely known that the Board of Missions made as its basic requirement the improvement of administration, development of financial methods that are sound, and employment of more competent personnel before support was voted."

Dr. Carothers, a member of the NCC's General Board and on the executive committee of the division which has responsibility for the DM, said that he had been officially informed that formal notice of these changes will be forthcoming soon.

The board executive expressed respect and admiration for "the heroic manner in which the people [of Mississippi] confront the heartbreaking needs of our time."

Back 'Black Power' Stance

A "black power" position taken by the National Committee of Negro Churchmen has won backing from the Methodist Board of Missions.

The clergy statement, published July 31 in *The New York Times*, neither supported nor condemned the black power cry of young Negro militants. It did charge that a fundamental distortion in the black-power furor is rooted in a "gross imbalance of power and conscience between Negroes and white Americans."

Declaring that the Negro ministers' manifesto speaks of "our common beliefs and aspirations," the missions board recommended that the statement be circulated and implemented in local churches and communities.

In other actions at their New York City meetings, board leaders:

- Authorized \$100,000 to finance a study and strategy phase of the Methodist United Service Training program; and asked that the new policy board, composed of five national Methodist board representatives, meet to launch the venture aimed at retraining clergy and laity for mission and service in urbanized America.

- Voted to join with Urban America, Inc., a secular organization, and three other denominations in seeking open-housing opportunities for thousands of low-income families; and ap-

THE 1967 17th ANNUAL

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this month

With DAVID O. POINDEXTER
Broadcasting and Film Commission
National Council of Churches

THE THREE commercial networks this month are offering a broad variety of specials, a number which should appeal to members of your family. For a change, I should like to highlight America's "fourth" network.

I am never able to list programs on National Educational Television (NET) because funds have not been available to pay for telecasting NET offerings simultaneously on all educational-TV channels around the country. (Let us hope something positive comes of the proposals to finance educational television from revenue of communications satellites.)

This season, NET, which covers 90 percent of America's television audience, is scheduling a number of programs which will be seen weekly on every outlet. *NET Playhouse* is presenting 40 drama productions, ranging from theater classics to off-off-Broadway experiments. It also will include films, musicals, poetic drama, and grand opera. Among *Playhouse* playwrights are Arthur Miller, Tennessee Williams, and Maxwell Anderson.

Another series entitled *NET Journal* will turn its spotlight on such public-affairs problems as mental illness, the vanishing newspaper, the lot of the Negro in America, poverty, and the malaise of the educated woman.

Fifty weekly half-hour shows entitled *Experiment*, and later in the year *Spectrum*, will attempt to bridge the information gap between the scientist and the public, covering everything from the eruption of a volcano to the effects on people of the rising sound level in our cities.

Other series include one for children entitled *What's New* (how do you treat a giraffe with a sore throat?), 14 half-hour sessions with Andrés Segovia, and a series exploring the balance and use of power in the modern world. It is entitled *The Struggle for Peace*.

Finally, there are monthly specials including a documentary called *Westminster Abbey* on its 900th anniversary, a film on Duke Ellington, *An Evening with Peter Ustinov*, and an examination of the ideas of Martin Buber.

You will have to watch your local listings for the correct times of these programs, and you should doublecheck

the following specials on the commercial networks.

November 16, 10-11 p.m., EST, on ABC Stage 67—*An Hour With Bob Dylan*.

November 23, 7:30-8:30 p.m., EST, on CBS—*Young People's Concert*.

November 23, 10-11 p.m., EST, on ABC Stage 67—Katherine Ann Porter's *Noon Wine* with Olivia de Havilland and Jason Robards, Jr.

November 24, 7:30-8:30 p.m., EST, on NBC—*Smokey the Bear*.

November 25, 7:30-8:30 p.m., EST, on NBC—*The Incredible World of Animals: It's a Dog's World*.

November 25, 10-11 p.m., EST, on ABC—*The Legacy of Rome*.

November 27, 6:30-7:30 p.m., EST on NBC—a special on Pearl Harbor.

November 30, 10-11 p.m., EST, on ABC Stage 67—*Life and Legend of Marilyn Monroe*.

December 4, 5:30-6:30 p.m., EST on NBC—*Rudolph the Red Nosed Reindeer*.

December 7, 7:30-9:00 p.m., EST, on NBC—Hallmark Hall of Fame, *Blithe Spirit* with Ruth Gordon and Dirk Bogarde.

December 7, 8-9 p.m., EST, on ABC—*Christ Is Born*, John Secondari's visualization of the first Christmas.

December 7, 10-11 p.m., EST, on ABC Stage 67—*On the FLIP-Side*, with Ricky Nelson and Joanie Sommers.

December 8, 9-11 p.m., EST on CBS—*The Glass Menagerie* with Hal Holbrook and Shirley Booth.

December 8, 7:30-8:30 p.m., EST, on CBS—*The Nutcracker* (rerun).

December 11, 6:30-7:30 p.m., EST, on NBC—*The Hill Country: Lyndon Johnson's Texas* (rerun).

December 11, 7-7:30 p.m., EST, on CBS—*A Charlie Brown Christmas* (rerun). This one should be at the top of your Christmas list.

December 13, 7:30-8:30 p.m., EST, on CBS—National Geographic special: *The Hidden World*.

December 13, 10-11 p.m., EST, on ABC—*The Long Childhood of Timmy*, dealing with the subject of retarded children.

December 14, 10-11 p.m., EST, on ABC Stage 67—*The Brave Rifles*. The producer, a World War II infantryman, appears by chance on a film segment taken during an actual battle.

December 17, 7:30-8:30 p.m., EST, on NBC—*Mr. Magoo's Christmas Carol* (rerun).

December 17, 8:30-9 p.m., EST, on NBC—*Christmas With Lorne Green*. □

appropriated \$50,000 over a two-year period to help provide technical advice, services, and "seed money" to church groups interested in building low-rent housing under the Federal Housing Acts of 1961 and 1965.

• Called on U.S. businesses operating in South Africa to work against apartheid racial practices and to bring about a U.S. policy review. The board sidestepped a demand made last April by 50 picketing seminary students led by John Raines, son of Indiana Bishop Richard C. Raines. The seminarians asked that Methodist funds be withdrawn from New York City's First National City Bank which has South African investments.

An Ecumenical motive

The magazine of the Methodist Student Movement (MSM), *motive*, has been adopted as the official publication of the newly formed University Christian Movement (UCM).

UCM is a new organization of Protestant, Anglican, Roman Catholic, and Eastern Orthodox campus groups [See *Interfaith Student Alliance*, p. 15, November].

The Rev. B. J. Stiles of Nashville, *motive* editor and staff member of the Methodist Board of Education, says the expanded use of the magazine follows recent action of the general committee of the new ecumenical student agency. At its annual meeting last June, the National Conference of MSM asked that *motive*—marking its 25th anniversary this year—be published for UCM.

The magazine's 15-member advisory editorial board went ecumeni-

CENTURY CLUB

A retired Methodist minister joins the ranks of Century Club members this month. The Rev. John Wesley Cummins was born September 1, 1866, and currently resides in Dallas, Texas. Before his retirement in 1942, he served charges in Illinois and Missouri.

Other centenarians include:

Mrs. Cynisca Karen Featherston, 100, Ada, Okla.

Mrs. Nellie Frey, 100, Washington, D.C.

Owen F. Middleton, 100, Chicago Heights, Ill.

Mrs. Nellie M. Spawn, 102, Branchville, N.J.

In submitting nominations for the Century Club, please include the nominee's present address, date of birth, name of the church where the centenarian is a member, and its location.



Father Joseph J. McDermott pauses in Methodist Hospital of Brooklyn to borrow a book from Mrs. Anna Reddy, hospital librarian. The first Catholic clergyman to work full time with Chaplain Keith Keidel, "Father Joe" was born not far from the hospital and says every member of his family has been a patient there at one time or another. More than half of the patients are of the Roman Catholic faith.

cal last January when members of other denominations were included.

An immediate rise is expected in motive's 36,000 circulation. Ultimately, it is to receive some financial support from UCM and its member groups.

Newly elected president of UCM, Miss Charlotte Bunch, Washington, D.C., Duke University graduate, is a Methodist who has been active in MSM.

Bishop M. L. Harris Dies



Bishop Marquis LaFayette Harris, 59, one of three active Central Jurisdiction bishops, died in Atlanta October 7 after an extended illness.

Bishop Harris had presided over the Atlantic Coast Area since his

election to the episcopacy in 1960. He had served 24 years as president of Philander Smith College, Little Rock, Ark.

At the time of his death, he was a member of the Methodist Co-ordinating Council and other national denominational boards as well as the General Board of the National Council of Churches.

His ministry was marked by a pri-

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mary interest in youth work, dating from his All-America athletic career in college.

He is survived by his wife, Geneva, and a son, Marquis L., Jr.

The Central Jurisdiction College of Bishops will supervise the Central Alabama, Georgia, Florida, Mississippi, and Upper Mississippi annual conferences that comprise the Atlantic Coast Area.

Bartender-Clergy Teamwork

Bartenders and pastors have joined forces in Dubuque, Iowa, to help alcoholics and "troubled tipplers."

A program aimed at getting bartenders to refer distressed customers to clergymen for professional counseling has been launched there by members of Bartenders Local 527 and the Dubuque Pastoral Marriage Counseling Service.

Commenting on the program, the Rev. Russell L. Wilson said he thought ministers too often were too far removed from the "troubled and distressed and desperate people that exist in every community."

Wilson, a Methodist minister, heads the board which supervises Iowa's correctional and mental institutions.

Mass in SMU Chapel

The ever-increasing spirit of ecumenism is evidenced every Sunday at 9:30 a.m. in the chapel of Perkins School of Theology at Southern Methodist University when mass is held there for Catholic students.

The building rented previously from SMU by the Catholic student organization for their Newman Center was needed this year for additional dormitory space. To compensate, the director of the center, Father Joseph W. Drew, was given office space in the Student Union Building. SMU facilities will be used for other activities.

Father Drew is pleased with the present arrangement and notes that attendance at mass has doubled since services began in the theology-school chapel. He is president of the Dallas (Texas) Pastors Association and is doing graduate study at Perkins.

Quit Evangelical Council

In protest against the organizational structure of their country's National Evangelical Council, delegates to the annual meeting of the Peruvian Methodist Conference have voted to withdraw.

In what they termed an "ecumenical act," conference leaders, under Bishop Pedro Zottele, contended that the council's structure had prevented it from adequately representing the Peruvian church and from participating actively in ecumenical Christianity.

Following their decision to withdraw, delegates symbolized their con-



This faceted glass window was dedicated to FBI Chief J. Edgar Hoover recently at the Capitol Hill Methodist Church in Washington, D.C. The new church stands on the site of the house where Mr. Hoover was born, just four blocks from the Capitol. Pictured from left: the Rev. Edward B. Lewis, pastor; Mr. Hoover; and Dr. Frederick Brown Harris, Methodist chaplain of the U.S. Senate.

cern for social welfare and community development by appointing two ministers and two social workers to serve in slum areas of Lima and vicinity.

The conference heard reports that the number of Methodist full members rose in 1965 to 1,570—a 9 percent gain from the previous year. Giving increased by 10 percent.

Investment Fund Thrives

Assets of the Methodist Investment Fund showed an increase of nearly 33 percent during its 1965-66 fiscal year, according to a report made by the board of directors in Philadelphia, Pa.

The fund's assets on May 31, 1966, were \$15,735,834 as compared with \$11,851,100 a year ago. There were 297 outstanding loans totaling \$13,268,722. The board approved 24 more loans to churches totaling \$1,696,326.

The fund's increase of 32.8 percent was attributed to interest rates being raised from 5 to 5 1/2 percent for the second half of the fiscal year, the directors said.

The fund, established in 1960 by the National Division of the Methodist Board of Missions, receives investment capital from Methodist churches, agencies, institutions, and individuals. The money is then loaned to churches for building purposes.

Accomplice to Alcoholism?

The church's own image is a greater enemy than the liquor industry in combatting alcoholism, a Methodist Board of Christian Social Concerns staff member told a conference at the North Conway (N.H.) Institute, Inc.

Dr. Thomas E. Price of Washing-

ton, D.C., attacked the drinking patterns of American society, however, as the greatest enemy in the fight against alcoholism, explaining that they reflected underlying health and pathological problems.

The 15-year-old North Conway Institute is an interdenominational cooperative effort among both clergy and laymen to find a common ground regarding the place of alcohol in today's society.

On the positive side of the alcoholism battle, Dr. Price pointed to the new concept of Christian witness that seeks to respond to God working in the world. "The church is people under orders called to service and responsibility"—ecumenically with community groups and the professions.

The Rev. Lawrence A. Purdy, representing the Alcoholism and Drug Addiction Research Foundation of Ontario, acknowledged the creative involvement of churches in establishing halfway houses and "drop-in centers" to help alcoholics and drug addicts develop meaningful relationships.

Praise Peace Encyclical

Four top-level leaders of the Methodist Board of Christian Social Concerns have praised Pope Paul VI's recent encyclical letter urging peace in Viet Nam.

Bishop A. Raymond Grant, president, Bishop Charles F. Golden, vice-president, Dr. A. Dudley Ward, general secretary, and Herman Will, Jr., associate general secretary, said in a statement issued in September: "Pope Paul VI deserves the enthusiastic support of Methodists in his efforts to bring peace in Viet Nam . . . [by calling] upon all those responsible to 'strive to bring about those necessary conditions which will lead men to lay down their arms at last, before it becomes too late . . .'"

Recalling favorably the Pope's visit to the United Nations last year, the Methodist leaders expressed hope that "American Protestants will join their Roman Catholic and Jewish fellow citizens in a careful examination of United States policy in Southeast Asia."

Fight Baltimore Blight

Convincing justification for the church's support of community organization as a weapon against blight and ghetto despair is found in the gradual transformation of a long-neglected section of Baltimore, Md.

After conversations with a Roman Catholic priest and other area clergymen, the Rev. Carl R. Hickey, pastor of the Rogers Memorial Methodist Church, called a public meeting.

This led to formation of the Southwest Baltimore Citizens Planning

Council, of which Mr. Hickey is chairman. Working in a rat-infested neighborhood occupied by newcomers and transients unfamiliar with political and social action, the council has made notable progress.

Today, there are street-sweepers at work; trash collection is regular; and several owners of debris-littered lots have been required to clean up.

Moreover, a city-sponsored playground program has begun; community concerts are being presented for young people in a Methodist church; a schoolteacher is giving three hours daily to operate a small library of books collected by students at Methodist-related Western Maryland College, and a city-sponsored bookmobile now tours the slum section each week.

U.S.-2s Begin Service

Thirty-three young men and women from 21 states took up mission assignments this fall as members of "Methodism's domestic Peace Corps."

Known as "U.S.-2s," they will serve for two years in various projects across the country as teachers, social workers, nurses, and workers in church-and-community situations with youth and children, and in inner-city churches.

The 1966 class, 6 members larger than last year's group, brings the total to about 400 who have participated in the last 15 years.

Methodists in the News

Nineteen-year-old Jane Anne Jayroe, dark-eyed beauty from Laverne, Okla., is Miss America for 1966. A member of the First Methodist Church in Laverne, she has studied music at Oklahoma City University.

Robert L. Gildea, director of Methodist Information in the Indiana Area, has received a certificate of merit from the American Foundation of Religion and Psychiatry for an article on a pastoral counseling service and training program in Indiana. The article appeared in *TOGETHER's* February issue [*The Crusade in Counseling*, page 14].

Larry Gilmore, 12-year-old member of St. Mark's Methodist Church, Midland, Texas, won a \$4,000 college scholarship by placing third in the All-American Soap Box Derby in Akron, Ohio.

Donald W. Cordes, administrator of Iowa Methodist Hospital, Des Moines, has been named president-elect of the American College of Hospital Administrators.

Charles R. Wyss, a Methodist layman, has been appointed assistant principal of Catholic Kapaun Memorial High School in Wichita, Kans. Wyss has coached and taught biology at the Jesuit-conducted high school.

a good book makes Christmas last the whole year through



Family

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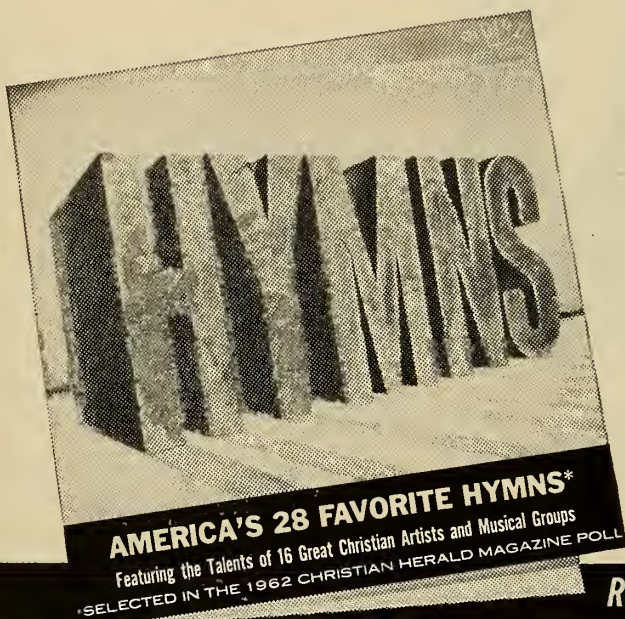
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- | | | |
|--|--|---|
| 1. The Old Rugged Cross
Claude Rhea | 10. Whispering Hymn
Charles Magnuson &
Lew Charles (piano & organ) | 19. My Faith Looks
Up To Thee
Bill Mann |
| 2. How Great Thou Art
Bill Mann | 11. Just A Closer Walk
Dick Anthony Choristers | 20. Blessed Assurance
Claude Rhea |
| 3. What A Friend
We Have In Jesus
Frank Boggs | 12. A Mighty Fortress
Lutheran Hour Choir | 21. Ivory Palaces
Moody Chorale |
| 4. In The Garden
Ralph Carmichael and
his Orchestra | 13. Nearer My God To Thee
Bill McVey | 22. I Need Thee Every Hour
Abilene Christian College
A Cappella Choir |
| 5. Amazing Grace
Frank Boggs | 14. God Will Take
Care Of You
Flo Price | 23. Lead, Kindly Light
Dick Anthony Choristers |
| 6. Rock Of Ages
Serenaders Quartet | 15. Have Thine Own
Way Lord
Haven of Rest Quartet | 24. The Love Of God
Frank Boggs |
| 7. Sweet Hour Of Prayer
Paul Mickelson Orchestra | 16. Just As I Am
Billy Graham Crusade
A Cappella Choir | 25. Near The Cross
Jerry Barnes with the
Kurt Kaiser Singers |
| 8. Abide With Me
Dick Anthony Choristers | 17. Onward Christian Soldiers
Paul Mickelson Orchestra | 26. Jesus, Lover Of My Soul
Bill Mann |
| 9. Beyond The Sunset
Bill Pearce & Dick Anthony
(vocal duet) | 18. Jesus, Savior Pilot Me
Haven of Rest Quartet | 27. Faith Of Our Fathers
Frank Boggs |
| | | 28. Hallelujah, Hallelujah
Moody Chorale |

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A Good Word for the Church

IN A NATION that observes National Flashlight and Battery Inspection Day, Honey for Breakfast Week, Fight the Filthy Fly Month, and even Fresh-Up Soda Bath Season, perhaps we in the church should set aside a few days every year for a "Say a Good Word About the Church" campaign.

This suggestion is not entirely facetious. It does seem these days that good words for the church are in considerably shorter supply than criticism of it—sometimes particularly so within the church itself. But perhaps we have become too conscious of the church's all-too-evident flaws and failures, at the cost of not giving the church credit where it has earned it. We tend to pronounce absolute judgments on the church, chastising it for failing to measure up to the ideal. In a sense, this is as it must be, for the church embodies God's Word to man. And yet the church is composed of men who, try as they may, never quite make it to perfection.

That "Good Word for the Church" campaign might recognize such positive attributes as:

1. *Openness to criticism.* The harshest critics of the church—those whose blows hit hardest—are found within the institution. That's something you don't often see elsewhere. And these critics are being heard; they have had a strong influence in shaping directions for the future.

2. *Honesty.* We are learning to live and work in the church without rose-colored glasses, without converting disturbing fact to comfortable fiction. We know we have problems and shortcomings—but recognition of them always is the required first step toward relevance, effectiveness, and renewal.

3. *Willingness to work with others.* Some of the absolutism and self-righteousness that too often have characterized the church in the past are now, happily, being left behind. We are learning to work not only with other Christians and those of different faiths, but also with secular groups committed to many of the same goals. This applies not only at the top levels of church organization, but equally to local congregations—and even to groups of individuals, some not churchmen, who pool their efforts in a community to address a specific problem of broad concern.

4. *Fostering theological ferment.* Theological controversies such as that stirred by "God is dead" talk have not been greeted with broad enthusiasm throughout the church, perhaps particularly because the leading spokesmen speak as members of the Christian community. But this particular discussion, and others like it, have brushed away old cobwebs and stirred fresh thinking in Christian ideology. Again, this tolerance for challenge and the ability to learn from it are marks of health.

5. *Continuing reassessment of the church's mission.* The question of how Christians most effectively can put their faith to work, individually and cor-

porately, is one that is asked constantly these days. Even those who administer missions programs often question the premises on which those programs operate. Just as important, individual congregations are asking the same question of themselves—and coming up with some fresh answers. All of this questioning, probing, and experimenting, this willingness to go out on a limb for Christ's sake, is moving the church forward. Increasingly, churchmen are beginning to see that only when the church makes itself more vulnerable, more susceptible to occasional failure, is it truly in mission.

6. *Openness to change.* History is the record of change; hence, if the church is to address the real needs of each day, it must change, too. Not in the fundamentals of Christian belief, but in how they apply to a specific time and place. Again, the church deserves a good word for sensing this, for often being eager to try the untried, knowing that more of the same just isn't going to be meaningful. It is a hard thing to do, this being flexible without casting off all lines that link with the bedrock of the faith. But it is essential in every age, perhaps particularly so in this one.

At the individual level, too, we tend to forget what the church has given us. Where else but in the church are so many people accepted for what they are, not for what they earn or own or try to be? Where else are so many exposed to a total approach to all of life, a way of pulling together the scattered fragments on which we must build our lives? Where else are we challenged by the ideal, and yet accepted even when we fall far short of it? Where else is there a promise for each of us that helps alleviate our loneliness, our anxiety, our feelings of futility?

This is what we tend to forget, or at least neglect to say, about the church: that, imperfect though it is, it preserves the Good News—that each of us can live fully, freely, meaningfully, without fear, through Jesus Christ. And it is this alone, we Christians believe, that gives us a reason, a promise, and a hope for living.

Yes, the church is corrupt, ineffective, and irrelevant—much of the time. But we are beginning to chip away some of the encrustations that we have allowed to conceal the living Word. That heart of the Christian faith is present (though not imprisoned) in the church, and always has been. And its essential mystery and meaning are invulnerable to the attacks of men. So fear not when people criticize the church. The authentic faith can stand the test, as it has for 20 centuries.

Besides, criticism is a manifestation of concern for the church, a sign that it can't be ignored, that it matters. And judging by the amount of criticism heard these days, there surely are many who care a lot!

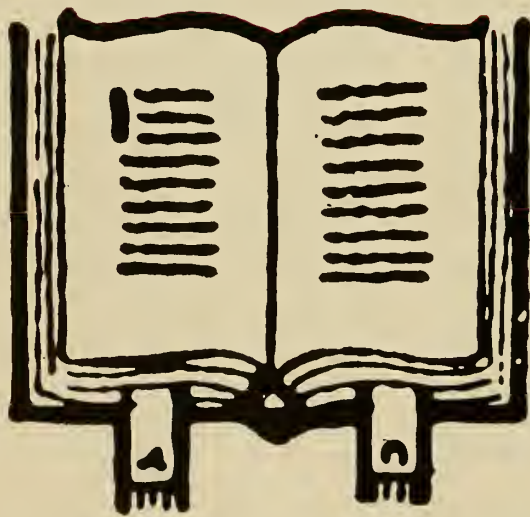
We take back that suggestion about a special "Say a Good Word About the Church" campaign. It should come naturally to each of us.

—YOUR EDITORS

In the Bible, there is myth as well as history, fiction as well as fact, evil men and good ones, sordid stories and inspiring ones. More important, it is a record left by men who were caught up in great events of history through which God revealed himself to them. Thus, it traces man's growing comprehension of the nature of God.

Understanding the Bible

By LOUIS CASSELS
Religion Editor
United Press International



WRITING JACKET blurbs for the Bible would be an adman's dream job. You could make the most startling statements: "Now in its 100,000th printing" . . . "Has headed best-seller list for 400 years"—and they would not be exaggerations. As for endorsements, your only problem would be deciding whom to quote: "Best gift God ever gave to man."—Abraham Lincoln

"Through its pages, as through a window divinely opened, all men can look into the stillness of eternity."—Thomas Carlyle

"An invaluable and inexhaustible mine of knowledge and virtue."—John Quincy Adams

"A book surpassing all others."—Napoleon

"It finds me at greater depths of my being than any other book."—Samuel Taylor Coleridge

"I find more sure marks of authenticity in the Bible than in any profane history, whatever."—Sir Isaac Newton

"A knowledge of the Bible without a college course is more valuable than a college course without a knowledge of the Bible."—William Lyon Phelps

The Bible is worth reading simply as literature. If you know where to look, you will find in it some of the world's greatest poetry, as well as superb short stories, fables, epigrams, songs, dramatic monologues, letters, and biographies.

But if the Bible were merely good literature, you wouldn't find men like Lincoln using such unrestrained superlatives to express their appreciation of

it. After all, there is other good literature to be read.

What makes the Bible special is the conviction, held by Lincoln and millions of others through the centuries, that God speaks to men through this book.

It is crucial to understand just what is meant by that statement. Perhaps the greatest obstacle to Bible-reading in our time is the confusion that has been created in the minds of laymen by two extreme views of the Bible.

Is It Literally True?

Biblical literalism is one of these extreme views. Contrary to popular impression, the literalist does not contend that every passage of the Bible must be "taken literally." He knows there are many metaphors and other figures of speech in the Scriptures. He will even acknowledge that the Bible contains fiction as well as fact: not even the most thoroughgoing literalist would deny that Jesus' parables were made-up stories designed to illustrate a point.

Literalism gets its name from its insistence that what we find in the Bible is not just the Word of God but the very words of God. The distinction is of tremendous importance.

The phrase "Word of God," as used in the Bible itself, notably in the opening sentences of the Fourth Gospel, is an English translation of a Greek word *Logos* which was in wide use among philosophers at the time the New Testament was written. It connotes the creative, outgoing, self-revealing activity of God.

The *Logos* was not a particular divine utterance, but God's overall message to mankind. It was not necessarily communicated verbally in speech or writing. Indeed, the whole point of Christianity is that the supreme communication of the Word took place when it was expressed through a human life and personality in Jesus Christ.

To the biblical literalist, however, the Bible is the Word of God in the sense of containing a series of divine utterances. Some literalists depict God as dictating every sentence of the Bible to human scribes. Others, while rejecting that mechanical concept, assert that the human authors of the Scriptures were so firmly and explicitly guided by the Holy Spirit that what they wrote may be taken as having been spoken by God himself. In other words, they insist that divine supervision of the writing of the Bible did not end with seeing that it included essential truths about God and man, but extended to the actual choice of words in which those truths were formulated.

There are two inescapable corollaries to the literalist view. One is that all parts of the Bible must be regarded as equal in authority. No greater historical credence may be attached to the account of the Resurrection than to the story of Jonah's being swallowed by a great fish. The Sermon on the Mount may be accorded no greater reference as a guide to moral conduct than the Old Testament passage (2 Kings 2:24) which tells about an angry prophet summoning she-bears from the woods to gobble up some naughty children who had made fun of his bald head.

The other conclusion which necessarily stems from the literalist view is that the Bible is totally free of

error. If a statement is considered to have come directly from God, then it must be factually correct, no matter how sharply it may seem to conflict with scientific knowledge or common sense. To acknowledge even one small error of fact or historical detail in the Bible would, by the logic of biblical literalism, discredit the whole book.

Some literalists have found a convenient loophole in the doctrine that only the original manuscripts of the Scriptures were totally free of error. This makes it possible to blame careless copyists for such manifest mistakes as the description of the vessel made for Solomon's temple which was "round, 10 cubits from brim to brim . . . and a line of 30 cubits measured its circumference." As every schoolboy who has wrestled in pi can testify, the circumference would be 31.416 cubits.

In the New Testament, it is spelled out even more plainly. The basic belief of Christianity—the linchpin doctrine on which all else depends—is that God emptied himself of his transcendental majesty and took on the limitations of humanity in the person of Jesus Christ. The church has always taught that Jesus was fully human as well as fully divine, and early in its history it condemned as heresy a school of theology (called Docetism) which held that Jesus only seemed to be a man and was not really subject to human limitations.

If you read the Gospels with Jesus' true humanity in mind, you will discover many instances in which he was obviously weary, discouraged, and irritable. You will also see that he shared the medical opinion, universal among the people of his time, that insanity was caused by demons, and the equally prevalent geographical view that the earth was flat. If Jesus had not believed those things, he would not have been genuinely a man of his times.

But the fact that he did not know all that we now know (or think we know) about psychiatry and astronomy in no way impeaches the credibility of his teachings about the nature of God and the destiny of man. On those supremely important matters, he spoke with a unique authority.

The Question of Infallibility

To ascribe infallibility to the authors of the Bible is to contend that God refused to accept in their case the risks and limitations which he gladly assumed in the Incarnation. It is a form of Docetism which denies the humanity of the Bible.

All heresies have consequences—that is why they are dangerous. A Docetic view of the Scriptures leads all too often to a tendency to put the Bible in Christ's rightful place at the center of Christian devotion. Instead of putting his whole trust in the Living Christ as the Way, the Truth, and the Life, the man who boasts of believing the Bible literally may feel that he can earn his own salvation by unswerving faith in verbal propositions which can be prefaced by the sacred formula, "the Bible says . . ."

Martin Luther saw all this very clearly. That is why he referred to the Bible as "the cradle wherein we find Christ." It is a fatal error, he said, to bestow upon

the cradle the adoration which belongs to its occupant.

At the opposite extreme from literalism is the attitude of radical skepticism. Whereas the literalist ignores the human element in the Bible, the skeptic slights or denies its divine element. He looks upon the Bible as an interesting compendium of ancient writings, and will go so far as to acknowledge that some parts of it may be a reasonably authentic record of events in which men felt that they were confronted by God.

But in deciding which passages he will accept, he proceeds on the assumption that miracles can't happen. So he automatically writes off any biblical account of a wondrous happening which suggests that there is an order of reality transcending the observable regularities of nature and occasionally breaking in upon them.

Nor is radical skepticism content with jettisoning the Bible's miracle stories. It also dismisses other passages on the grounds that they reflect the ignorance and prejudice of a particular age, or the propaganda interests of the church at a certain stage of its development. Its basic rule of biblical interpretation is: "When in doubt, throw it out." And the highest scores in the game of radical reductionism are awarded to pedagogues who find the most novel and farfetched reasons for doubting that any part of the Bible really means what it says.

It is important to draw a clear distinction between radical skepticism and biblical criticism. The former is an attitude, the latter is a tool. It is no reflection on a tool that it can be used foolishly and destructively as well as wisely and constructively. A hammer can be employed to drive nails or to bash heads.

In the same way, the techniques of biblical criticism can be used to make the Bible more meaningful, or to buttress the preconceptions of those who are prepared to believe almost anything about it except the fact that God had something to do with its production.

What Biblical Criticism Means

When we speak of biblical criticism, we are using the word criticism not in the popular sense of derogatory judgment but rather in its original primary meaning of *discriminating study*.

Since the early 19th century, scholars in Europe and America have made tremendous strides in discriminating study of the Bible. They have learned how to detect and correct textual errors by comparing a large number of old manuscripts. From very ancient documents found in caves around the Dead Sea and in the hot dry sands of Egypt, they have gained new insights into the Hebrew and Greek languages in which the Bible was written, and thus can make far more accurate translations.

From archaeological digs and historical research, they have acquired a better understanding of places, events, cultures, and customs reflected in the Bible. To give just one example out of hundreds, they now know that Abraham was not being cowardly or tricky but was simply following the established protocol of his native Mesopotamia when he introduced his wife as his sister so "my life may be spared."

Form criticism—the study of various literary forms used by authors of the Bible—furnished clues to which sections can be read as literal history and which are poems, parables, proverbs, and myths whose timeless truths are not dependent on whether the events described actually happened.

The Question of Myths

This is a good place to stress the point that biblical scholars use the word "myth" in a special, technical sense which is quite different from the popular meaning of an untrue story. In biblical parlance, a myth is a literary form which tells about otherworldly things in this-worldly concepts. To ask whether the events described in a myth actually happened is as pointless as wondering whether there really was a prodigal son, or a good Samaritan. The only thing that matters about a myth is whether it succeeds in conveying an insight into some great truth about God or man which could not be adequately expressed in more pedestrian prose.

Those who approach the Bible with an attitude of radical skepticism often find it convenient to bolster their preconceptions with glib references to "the assured results of modern criticism." The plot is easy to master: if you want to discredit any portion of the Bible, you simply say, "Of course, modern criticism has shown that we can't put any stock in that."

This is hogwash. It is unfair to the scholars whose patient and objective investigations have cast so much helpful new light on the Bible. It also is an insult to the Bible. The fact is that modern critical study, far from discrediting the Bible, has authenticated it to a far greater degree than most church members realize.

When archaeologists dig into trackless desert wastes at a spot where the Bible says a city used to stand thousands of years ago, they find the ruins of houses and walls. They have even found the remains of wells, precisely where the Old Testament says Jacob dug them. When philologists examine the library of an Essene sect found in the Qumran caves near the Dead Sea, they find that the Fourth Gospel, once regarded as "too Greek" in its thought forms to have been written during the apostolic age, probably did come from the pen of a first-century Jew.

When form critics seek to extract the biography of a simple human teacher from the story of Jesus, they find that the New Testament simply won't permit it. There is only one Christ in the Gospels—the Risen Christ whom the church proclaimed as Lord—and no amount of analysis will yield the simple human teacher that skepticism insists must be in there somewhere.

Contemporary Validation

The overall results of modern criticism are well summarized in the word of Professor William F. Albright of Johns Hopkins University, one of the world's greatest biblical scholars and a leading figure in the critical movement:

"There has been a general return to appreciation of the Bible's accuracy, both in general sweep and in factual detail. The substantial historicity of the Old and New Testaments has been vindicated to an extent

I should have thought impossible 40 years ago."

Although radical skepticism glibly employs the language of scholarship, it is in fact as intellectually indefensible as biblical literalism. It is not an open-minded but a close-minded attitude. It assumes that the Creator of the universe will never under any circumstances intervene in its flow of events; and on the basis of that highly debatable hypothesis, it would make liars of eyewitnesses who posted their lives as bond to their sincerity.

Dr. Karl Barth, the "giant among pygmies" of 20th-century theology, has said all that needs be said about the temerity, not to say arrogance, of this attitude:

"The post-biblical theologian may, no doubt, possess a better astronomy, geography, zoology, psychology, physiology, and so on than these biblical witnesses possessed. But he is not justified in comporting himself as though he knew more about the Word of God than they. . . . Still less is he authorized to look over their shoulder, to correct their reports, or to give them good, average, or bad marks.

"Even the smallest, strangest, simplest, or obscurest among the biblical witnesses has an incomparable advantage over even the most pious, scholarly, and sagacious latter-day theologian."

He was there.

Fortunately, the Bible reader does not have to choose between the literalist approach which denies the humanity of the Bible or the skeptical approach which denies its divinity.

The Ecumenical View

There is still another view of the Bible, which does not require you to abandon either your intelligence or your faith. It might be called the ecumenical view, because it commands the support of many of the best biblical scholars, both in the Roman Catholic Church and in the mainstream Protestant denominations. It is consistent with the norms for biblical interpretation laid down for Catholics by the Second Vatican Council in its decree on revelation, and with the statement on Scripture and tradition adopted by the Consultation on Church Union as a basis for a merger of major U.S. Protestant denominations. It says, in effect:

"The Bible is a book in which both God and man have had a hand. Its human authors retained all of the limitations of their humanity. This means that they inevitably made mistakes. They reflected the world view of a prescientific age. They did not always understand clearly what God was trying to say to them and through them, with the result that they sometimes attributed to him deeds, desires, and attitudes which we now know to be foreign to his true nature.

"But even in the most primitive passages of the Old Testament, we can see God at work among his people, opening their eyes to new and deeper truth, and leading them toward the day when the Way, the Truth, and the Life would appear among them in person."

This view of the Bible attaches primary importance to the New Testament account of Jesus Christ, in whom God's self-disclosure reached its climax. It accepts the teaching and example of Christ as the ulti-

mate yardstick by which all else in the Bible is to be measured.

It affirms the historical authenticity of the Four Gospels in all essential details, but allows room for the possibility of minor errors of fact which do not affect the basic story. It also acknowledges that some of the important parts of the story may be told through literary forms other than simple journalism. For example, Matthew's account of the Sermon on the Mount may be a literary device for gathering together in one place teachings which Jesus gave at many different times.

It reveres the Old Testament, even as Jesus did. But it expects to find there myth as well as history, fiction as well as fact, evil men as well as good ones, sordid stories as well as inspiring ones. It values all these varied materials, not as the literal words of God but as a record left by men who were caught up in the great events of history through which God made himself known.

If you adopt this view of the Bible, you can read it critically—in the scholarly sense—without drifting into a confused skepticism. What is even more important, you can read it devotionally, without caring a great deal whether a particular passage happens to be an ancient folk story or a literal account of something that actually happened.

How God Speaks to You

To read the Bible devotionally means to listen for what God is saying to you in its pages. This may sound like a lot of pious mumbo jumbo. But it is the sober testimony of Christians of all ages, all cultures, in all branches of the church—Protestant, Catholic, Anglican, and Orthodox—that God does speak to individual human hearts directly and personally through the Scriptures.

And he does so in the most unpredictable ways. You can never tell what part of the Bible is going to come alive for you, and cast a sudden illumination over your problems. You may find your particular pearl of great price in a well-marked treasure trove like the Sermon on the Mount, or it may pop out of a psalm, or one of Paul's letters, or even from the dreary chronicle of the misdeeds of Israel's kings.

You well may wonder how the eternal God can speak to you, here and now, through the pages of a book written long ago. The answer is that God is always present within each of us. This indwelling Presence is what Christians call the Holy Spirit. It is the Holy Spirit's voice we hear when the Bible "speaks to our condition."

Obviously, the Holy Spirit can—and does—use other books as a medium of communicating with us on our level of conscious thought. (I am even prepared to acknowledge that the Spirit may, on occasion, address someone through a television program!) But Christian experience testifies that the Bible is particularly and especially and uniquely "God's book"—the place where we are most likely to hear his Word for us.

There is no way I know to prove this to anyone who has not experienced it. I can only urge you to try it, and find out for yourself. □

*She had been warned about these strangers, these refugees from calamity.
But pity welled in her heart when their old flivver rattled to a stop in the driveway.*

With Naught but Love

By BETTY C. ENTNER

JUST AS I finished filling the two sugar bowls on the counter, I heard the crunch of tires on gravel and saw a wheezing old flivver rattle to a stop beside the gas pumps.

"Ten to one they want a free handout," sniffed Hilda, as she hobbled out from the cafe kitchen. "Seen the likes of 'em beggin' their way clear to Californy fer six years back."

Hilda's right, I thought, as the screen door closed behind me and I walked toward the pumps. But pity welled in my heart as the tired travelers climbed from their dusty car. Piled on top, on the back, and hanging from the radiator ornament were pans, boxes, toys, and mysterious bulging packages, all lashed helter-skelter wherever a rope could be attached.

"Hi," I nodded to a lanky, over-alled man as he shuffled toward me.

"Howdy, ma'am," he said courteously, pulling his battered hat from his head. "Ma'am we would like one dollar's worth of gas, and what do you folks git fer your

cabins? My woman's mighty poorly, and we thought as how we might rest a spell."

"Well, \$5 is our usual price for a double unit," I said, realizing even that would not be enough to include the four boys and three girls who had erupted from the car, running first to the rest rooms and then to the water fountain. Watching them, I quickly added, "but business is slow, so I think I can make it three-fifty. Is that all right?"

"Yes, ma'am, and thank you. That's right neighborly. And never you mind about the beds. I can make a pallet on the floor for the young 'uns."

He pulled out a scarred leather coin purse and dug into it with stiff, arthritic fingers. Each dollar bill was drawn from the knot with great deliberation, the habit of one who has to make one dollar do the work of many.

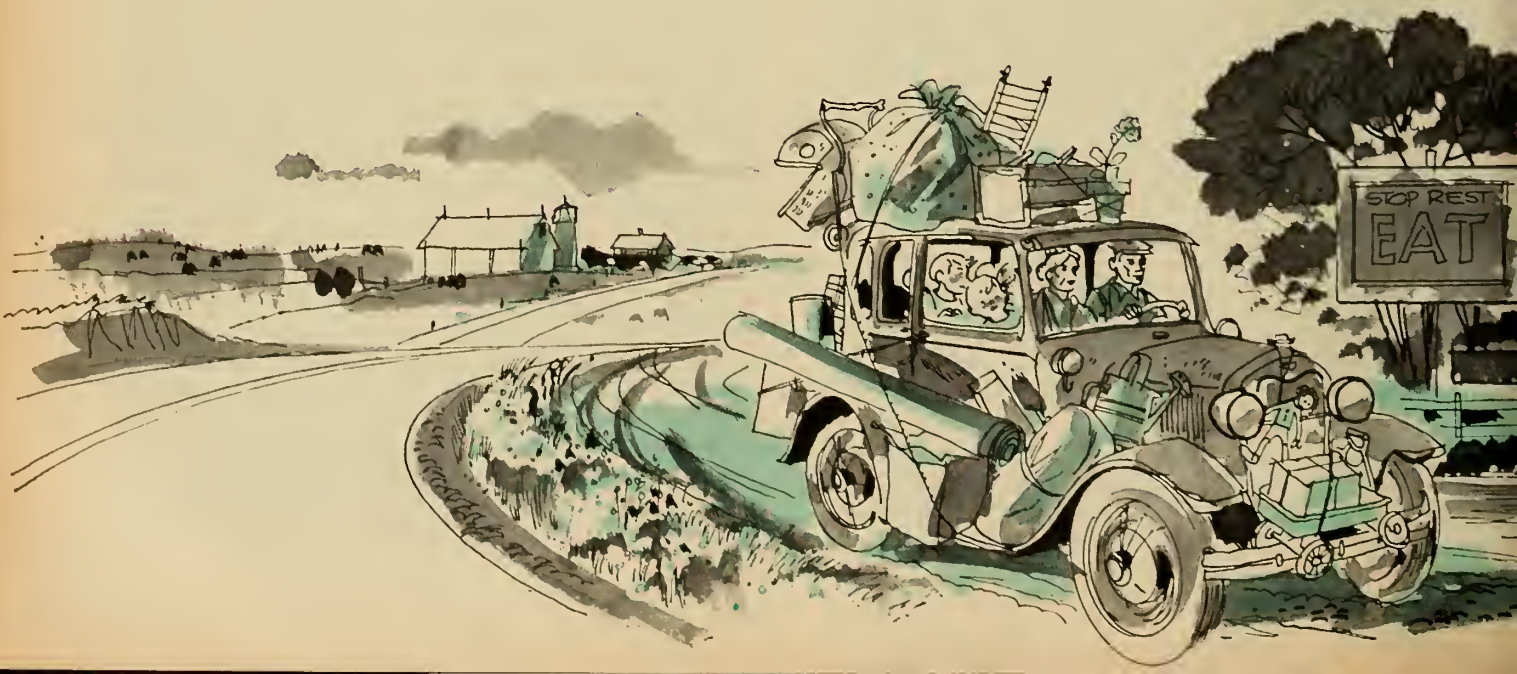
The tow-headed youngsters raced up to their cabin, but the pale mother was still in the car, head back, and eyes closed. The man

returned to the car, eased himself in, and leaned over to gently kiss his frail wife on her cheek. A faint smile stirred her features as she murmured something to him, and he coaxed the sputtering car up the driveway.

Later that evening, between customers, Hilda scolded me again for "lettin' yerself git put on. I swear I never seen the likes of you. . . . Let a body look seedy and you turn to butter. Seems like to me, if'n a feller wuz to feel thataway, he'd best not be in bizness to try and make a livin'." She slowly shook her gray head, and then added thoughtfully, "but then I reckon a body does the way she sees the light." She struggled to her feet, picked up our coffee cups, and headed for the sink.

We heard footsteps, and the discreet clearing of a throat. Hilda looked out, whispered, "It's him," and frowned reprovingly at me.

The man held an empty quart milk bottle, and the littlest boy, about six, clung to his hand.



I greeted the pair. "Good evening. Are you getting settled all right?"

"Evenin', ma'am," he smiled. "Yes'm, we're doin' fine. We're all eatin' our vittles in the cabin." He flushed. "Oh! No offense, ma'am, but we just can't eat no restaurant food—what with that passle of empty bellies to be filled!" He thrust the milk bottle toward me. "Mother and me sorta like to have a little coffee with our supper."

After tucking the filled bottle under his arm, he snapped open his purse, at the same time nodding toward the candy case. "How much are them licorice whips, ma'am?" The boy was already devouring them with his eyes.

"Two for a penny."

"I'll take four, please. And here's for the coffee." At the door he turned. "Tell the lady good night, Tad."

"Good night, ma'am," the boy timidly whispered.

I watched the stoop-shouldered, rangy man sweep his little son onto his shoulder as they headed across the yard.

Hilda muttered to herself, stabbing the chili bubbling on the stove with angry thrusts of her spoon. "Two for a penny when they's always been a penny each . . . and coffee at half price!! Goin' to the poorhouse in jig time, that's what you are—in jig time. Smart folks wouldn't tee them with a 10-foot hole. But you—you gotta run out and meet 'em." (*Pole, Hilda, pole.*

She always got things mixed when she became excited.)

I let her ramble on. I knew I could never turn the place into a money-maker, but it was a good home and two old widows could do worse. But I had often mused on Hilda's intolerance. Perhaps she resented these people because they reminded her of her own humble upbringing.

I felt she was too wise, however, to be a snob, and to believe money or material trappings indicated stability and upright character. We had both seen some of our cabins stripped of everything movable by overnighters who drove expensive automobiles, registered with gold pens, and walked in \$30 shoes.

Midmorning of the next day, as I headed home from the market, I saw the battered old Ford, pulling out into the stream of traffic, and pointing its rusty nose westward.

After unloading the groceries, Hilda and I stocked the shelves, fed the chickens, telephoned orders for butane and water, prepared the hamburger patties and cooked the soup. But we had not gotten around to cleaning the vacaneies. By noon, there was still the laundry to be done, and I was headed for the washhouse when something caught my eye. There was no mistaking that swaying silhouette as it approached along the highway from the west. It was old Betsy with her cargo of nine searching souls who had been bound for California, hoping to find streets of gold.

Puzzled, I decided whatever they had forgotten must be valuable to retrace so many miles. The fliiver panted to a stop. The family was hushed as the man uncoiled his long legs and stood up beside the car, now belching steam from the radiator. Turning, he called, "Come along, boy."

The littlest one who before had clung to his father like a burr, now seemed reluctant to join him. Finally, he crawled over laps and legs to half fall out the car door. Slowly, they came toward me. "Give the lady what you took, son!"

I watched this family drama quietly, feeling the tension mount. Tears brimmed in the child's eyes as he mutely pleaded for a reprieve. But the man was myielding.

Slowly one grubby little hand dug into the pocket of his ragged pants. The fist emerged, then opened to expose a small wrapped bar of soap. Now the tears were ereeping down the pale thin cheeks; the outstretched hand trembled.

In my bewilderment, I stammered. "But that's a *guest* bar of soap! Those little bars are put there for guests . . . to use . . . or even to take! They're free," I added lamely.

The weary man tenderly laid his work-worn hand on the boy's head. He looked at me earnestly, and then all the love of a devoted but stern father poured from his heart as he said quietly, "Yes, ma'am, I know. I knew it; you knew it; but he *didn't* know it." □



Of Advent Wreaths and Air Raids

By WILLIAM LITTLETON

And there shall be signs in the sun, and in the moon, and in the stars; and upon the earth distress of nations, with perplexity; the sea and the waves roaring; men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth: for the powers of heaven shall be shaken. And then shall they see the Son of man coming in a cloud with power and great glory. And when these things begin to come to pass, then look up, and lift up your heads; for your redemption draweth nigh.

—LUKE 21:25-28 (KJV)



As CHRISTIANS celebrate the first week in Advent and the beginning of a new Christian Year, many Americans

who do not know the meaning of Advent also remember a beginning.

They remember Sunday morning, December 7, 1941, the attack on Pearl Harbor, and the beginning for us of World War II.

For many, that day changed the course of their lives. For others, it is only another date in a history book.

Excerpted from Good Morning Forever by William Littleton (Fleming H. Revell Company, \$3.50). Used by publisher's permission.—Eds.

The sears of war can so quickly be erased;
in a few years buildings are replaced.
To a new generation,
until it destroys a few buildings of its own,
the city's skyline shows no change.
If wars were measured only in brick and mortar,
we would still regret them,
but could afford to forget them.
But the real loss of war lies in the unfulfilled potential
of every person who suffers and dies.

In 1939 a 33-year-old German theologian,
Dietrich Bonhoeffer,
was traveling in America on a lecture tour.
At his young age he already enjoyed
an international reputation
for an outstanding mind and spirit.
His American friends tried to entice him
to remain in the United States
rather than to return to Germany,
where his views placed him
in opposition to the German state
and, therefore, in jeopardy;
but he insisted on returning to his people.
Then came war.
The Gestapo kept tight rein on him.
He was forbidden to lecture,
to write,
or to make speeches;
yet he continued to work as he could—
until a morning in 1943
when the police arrived to take him to prison.
Throughout the fall he had hopes
of release by Christmas, but hope faded.
The Advent season approached,
the season of the coming of the Lord;
but the theme of it was not
“Silent Night, Holy Night.”
Bonhoeffer watched as the first wave of aircraft
dropped flares,
which he said looked just like
a Christmas tree coming straight
down over his head.
Following the “Christmas tree”
came, not angelic voices
but earsplitting explosions
mingled with the tinkling of shattering glass
and the screams of frightened prisoners.
Not until the wee hours of the morning
did a cold, stunned quiet settle over the prison.



On the next morning, Advent,
 Bonhoeffer arose and had an early worship service.
 Then he hung his Advent wreath.
 He hung it on a nail on the prison wall,
 and fastened in the center of it
 a small picture of the Nativity by Fra Lippo Lippi,
 thinking all the while how appropriate it would
 have been
 if his Nativity scene had been that by Altdorfer.

Have you ever seen Altdorfer's painting?
 It was painted about 1520.
 The sky in it is black,
 but with signs of sunrise in the east.
 Mary and Joseph look down at the new Baby,
 who lies, not in a manger
 but on what appears to be
 a large piece of broken stone or masonry.

The scene takes place, not in a stable
 but in the ruins of what could have been a castle,
 or, in our day, a bombed-out building.
 High in the sky above them appears,
 not a single glowing star
 but a large circular aura of light and color
 which seems to be alive with motion.
 If Bonhoeffer had lived to know -
 about the mushroom cloud,
 he would have seen even more
 appropriateness in the picture.
 As it was, Bonhoeffer could remember
 and appreciate Altdorfer's vision.
 He, too, had looked up into the night sky
 and seen the heavens disturbed.
 He could look about him on the Advent morning
 and see the ruins to which the Christ must come
 again.

The Nativity by Albrecht Altdorfer



A haunting similarity runs through
Bonhoeffer's experience, Altdorfer's vision,
and the words of Jesus as recorded by Luke.
They proclaim that Advent is preeminently
a season of realism.

None of these men spoke in terms
of tinsel and glitter,
of artificial joy and shining balls.

Joyful preparation and expectation
legitimately express the season
to the extent that they grow
out of a facing of reality,
and are not facades to hide reality from us
for a little while.

Until we face the world as it is,
and ourselves as we are,
there can be no Advent.

Christ spoke of the "shaking" of the heavens—
the "shaking" of those things
which seem so certain.

Most of us experience this time and again in our lives,
but we never completely get used to it.

When our certainties, personal or national, are shaken,
our sky becomes as black as Altdorfer's,
so that we can cry with the blind Samson
in Milton's *Samson Agonistes*,

"O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse,"
and without Christ we must add the line,
"Without all hope of day."

Only in Christ dare we face our shaken certainties,
the ungarnished reality of our failures,
the categorical "no" of life to our dreams,
the threat of despair at picking up
the pieces of our broken lives.

Christ also spoke of Advent in terms of facing
the distress and perplexity among men.

Bonhoeffer knew what the stresses
among men could mean.

He heard the results whistling down
through the night sky and exploding.

We read about them each day in the newspapers;
for man still finds it insufferably
difficult to live with man.

If we are to be realistic,
then it means discovering,
after all the pretty speeches about love,
that this is precisely what we cannot do;
that, left to ourselves,
our relationships with others
are, in truth, miniature wars.



There is little wonder that Christ continued
to speak of Advent in terms of the fears
and forebodings which fill men's hearts.

If Christ had spoken only in these terms,
Advent would be the season of despair;
but this is not the case.

When our hopes fade,
and love dissolves,
and we retreat into our fear-filled lives,
then the judgment of the world might be,
"Despair has indeed come upon you."

But Christ turns worldly wisdom upside down, saying,
"When these things happen,
look up, lift up your head;
for your redemption draws near."



The Virgin Adoring the Child by Fra Filippo Lippi

The Christian hope of Advent is not
a shallow indulgence in wishful thinking.
Christ affirmed the substance of Bonhoeffer's faith
when he hung the Advent wreath
on a prison wall the morning after an air raid,
and Altdorfer's vision
when he painted the birth of Christ
amid man-made ruins.
Christ affirmed the power of God
to make himself known, to work his will,
in the black night of human experiences.
As ironic as it seems,
in the darkest day of life,
the day when God seems most removed,
he may be closer than ever before.
Advent, then, is a season of hope.

But Christ's words are more than a hope.
They raise the question,
"Why must these dreadful things take place—

the shaking of our certainties,
the dissolution of love,
the fear and foreboding—
before help and redemption come?"

Before a garden can be planted,
the ground must be cleared.
So long as we hold one man-imagined certainty
in the place of God,
it must be put away.
So long as we cherish our illusion of love
apart from God,
true love awaits the illusion's dissolution.
So long as we live by pride and self-confidence,
they must fall,
before we can truly live in God.
It is of God's mercy that he first
clears away the rubble of our lives
in order that he may
plant and nourish the garden of faith.

□

*Traditions die hard when times and family circumstances change.
But Christmas remains a season for expressing—and experiencing—love.*

The Joy That Night

By KATHLEEN DAVIS

ISAT alone in front of the dying fire, brooding over my disappointment. My plans for Christmas had exploded in my face.

Since the November evening when our son had told us that Joan had become his fiancée, I had looked forward eagerly to introducing her to our family Christmas traditions.

We would go to the Christmas Eve candlelight service at the church—as we had done annually since the time our restless Michael, then two, had escaped to the front of the sanctuary to examine the manger tableau. After the service, we would come home for sandwiches and hot chocolate. Then Joan would stay overnight and share our Christmas morning around the tree, when we would open our gifts. And Christmas dinner would be very special—all the things Michael likes best.

I had been counting the days before our daughter Susan would arrive home from school, too. She planned to bring her roommate, whose parents had just been divorced. "Linda needs cheering up," Susan had told us.

My husband's mother, who lives with us, had shared happily in the plans. Mother was 90, blind and arthritic, but she was determinedly independent, and so appreciative of small services that she made them a pleasure to perform.

Her deepest longing was "to live out my life with a clear mind." But on an afternoon in early December she had slept long past the four

o'clock chime of her clock. When I went to call her for dinner, I found her still lying on her bed. She was awake but made no move to get up. When she attempted to answer my questions, she seemed confused.

Her doctor told us she had had a mild stroke, but he predicted she would be up and about after a day or two of rest. Sure enough, on the second day, Mother was out of bed at seven o'clock as usual. But her confusion persisted. She could not find her way about the house, nor remember where she kept her personal things. Worst of all, she was aware of her confusion and suffered frequent depression.

"Oh, Kathy, I'm so ashamed of myself I'd like to run away!" she exclaimed one morning when I went to her room for her breakfast tray. "I spilled my orange juice. I forgot and set it in my lap. I tried to clean it up, but . . ."

She *had* tried, and in her frenzied haste had seized the thing nearest her hand—her pale blue, hand-knit afghan. I closed my teeth on my tongue and held back my impatience, but I gave little thought to the chagrin Mother herself must have felt. My own pre-Christmas busyness was my foremost concern.

That afternoon as I sat writing our Christmas greetings, Mother became concerned about not having sent her own cards. She began to give me her list, persons named and unnamed. "What was the name of that girl with pretty shoulders? We went to parties together. Send her one." And: "I want to send a card to that family at the end of the town—he had a livery stable.

What's their name?" The list mounted. I shortened messages Mother suggested, and signed and addressed the cards impatiently in my hurry to get on with my own.

Susan and Linda were to arrive on Saturday, a week before Christmas. On Thursday night Susan phoned. "Mother, Linda wants me to go home with her for Christmas. She thinks she should be with her mother, she's so alone since the divorce." I tried to hide my disappointment: "Of course, dear, if that's what you want . . ."

"Mother, it's not what I want. But I think I can cheer Linda up if I go home with her. She's been so depressed. Mother, it makes me feel so warm to know you and Daddy have each other."

BY the next morning I was telling myself firmly that Susan had the true Christmas spirit; she was giving herself. And I centered my Christmas planning on Michael and Joan.

Then on Sunday evening Michael came home and into the family room where his father and I were talking about the Christmas tree. He sat down. Then he stood up again. He moved toward the fire, then turned to face me. Finally: "Mom, I know you were expecting Joan and me here on Christmas Eve. But, would you mind awfully? Joan's family makes a big thing of Christmas Eve. Lots of relatives come, and Joan wants me to be there to meet them."

I lifted my voice from the chasm

of disappointment into which I had dropped. "Sounds like fun," I said.

He went on. "That's not all, Mom. Joan's three sisters will be home from school, and they'll have a real old-fashioned Christmas morning, with stockings filled and hidden gifts for everybody. Joan would like for me to stay overnight because they get up so early." He paused, then hurried on. "And at noon they have a combination breakfast-lunch-dinner, with all the goodies."

So much for *our* family Christmas. So much for *my* bountiful one o'clock dinner, though our son said hopefully: "But maybe we can get here in time for Christmas dinner with you, too."

I managed to laugh over the lump in my throat. "Mike, you'd be as stuffed as the turkey! But come when you can. You can have something when you get hungry."

And so, just six nights before Christmas, with Jim and Michael and Mother in bed, I sat watching the glow fade from the embers.

I would cancel the order for the 22-pound turkey. Why bother with turkey now! I sat on, too despondent to make the effort to go to bed. Then, as I sat, memories began to ease me out of my unhappiness.

I remembered the Christmas when our children were small and Jim's mother wanted us to come to her house for Christmas. I had wanted our children to have Christmas in their own home, to begin building our own family traditions. How readily Jim had agreed. And how kindly and understandingly Mother had accepted our decision. She had not burdened her son with choosing between the desires of his wife and his mother. Now the most generous gift I could give my son would be the same freedom from having to choose between pleasing his future wife and pleasing me.

Mother . . . Despite the effects of her illness, she was looking forward to Christmas with lively anticipation. *You could help fulfill that anticipation*, I told myself. But my very intimate self petulantly admitted that I liked having my giving appreciated, and Mother's former gratitude and graciousness lately had been replaced by a

growing concern for her own needs.

Then I recalled a conversation Susan and I had had several weeks earlier. We had been talking about using one's abilities, and I had stressed my belief in praying for guidance to use the best in oneself. Now I wondered just how sincere my prayers had been. Had I prayed with the unspoken reservation: "Let me use myself in ways that make me happy?"

Monday morning Mother began to reap a reward of happiness from the greetings she had sent. Nearly every card was answered. We read and reread the messages. Mother could not see them, but she felt their shapes, their embossed designs, their decorations of glitter. After five greetings arrived in one mail, she exclaimed: "I didn't know everybody liked me!" And I felt the need of the aged to be "liked."



HER delight spurred me to wrap some Christmas packages and place them on a table beside her chair. She handled them excitedly, and tried to guess their contents. But she was determined to keep them unopened until the traditional moment for gift giving. In her home, this always had been on Christmas Eve, so Jim and I decided to change from our own usual opening of gifts on Christmas morning.

When I asked Mother if there were any Christmas goodies she would like to make, she suggested candy. "Let's make some caramels," she urged. "They're my favorite. And white taffy. That's Jim's favorite." So she and I spent an afternoon in the kitchen, Mother happily giving me directions she had half forgotten. Fortunately, I had her recipes, set down long ago.

Reminiscence was a special pleasure for her, and since so much of my Christmas busyness had been eliminated, I had time to listen.

On the morning of Christmas Eve, Mother asked: "How big is the turkey?"

The turkey! I had cancelled my order when I knew the children would not be home. But Mother went on: "I love the smell of roast-turkey. I hope it's a big one,

it's so nice to have it for slicing cold after Christmas."

As soon as Jim came home, I drove to the supermarket and found a 15-pound bird. I was grateful for well-stocked stores that make such last-minute shopping possible.

Busy in the kitchen at dinner time, I forgot Mother's new limitations. Always she had "dressed for dinner" late in the afternoon, but now she could not tell which of the dresses in her closet was her "good dress." She called me.

Getting the dress for her, I imagined myself in the dilemma she had been in for the past half hour: *I want my good dress for Christmas Eve. But where is my good dress? Does it have the feel of—what's that word for heavy stuff? Or is it silk? Where is it? I'll have to ask her. I don't want to ask her. Sometimes she hurries me so I feel like crying. But I have to have my good dress . . . Kathy!*

After dinner Mother opened her now-familiar packages. Then Jim read the Christmas story from Luke. For Mother this evoked memories of long-ago readings and we encouraged her to talk, but our questions confused her. She needed to let her memories come as they would. The free-flowing memories seemed to increase mental stimulation, and until ten o'clock Mother chatted. Then, still wide awake herself, she announced it was time for bed. "You'll have to get up early, Kathy, to get that turkey done by one o'clock."

As I tucked the electric blanket around her shoulders, she smiled, not for me particularly, but for the evening, I think. "Christmas is such a lovely time," she said.

Later Jim and I stepped outside to stand in the cold, starry night. "Thank you for making Mother so happy this Christmas," he said.

I felt a strange mixture of emotions. Beneath the vastness of the sky I felt so small. But so large was my joy for having given and having received. Yet not I. I had not planned to give as I had done. How had I been moved to the giving that was needed?

I lifted my face. Beneath that starlit infinity the shepherds, too, had been guided to a new experience of love. □



A President is martyred; 17 are slaughtered by one man; thousands are killed and maimed by firearms. Yet, neither federal nor state governments effectively control sales of these deadly weapons.

They've Helped Make America Gun-Happy

By STANLEY S. JACOBS

CHARLES Whitman was an affable ex-marine at the University of Texas, a young man who had splitting headaches and a passion for firearms. One day last summer he lugged a footlocker full of weapons to the university administration building's tower and, in less than an hour, fatally wounded 17 victims with rifle fire. Thirty others also were hit before Whitman was killed by a policeman.

When the horror was over, police found a shotgun, a carbine, two rifles, and three pistols beside the

dead sniper. Later, at his home, they discovered two more pistols, another shotgun, and another rifle.

Significantly, not one of these weapons was registered with state or local authorities. Indeed, Texas has no gun-control laws. But Texas should not be singled out for censure. The situation is almost as bad in dozens of other states.

Mayor John V. Lindsay of New York, a militant foe of our anarchic system of firearms sales, points out some disturbing facts: "No state requires a permit to purchase, or a

license to own, a rifle or shotgun. Only seven states require a permit to purchase a pistol or other handgun. Only one state, New York, requires an annual permit to own and carry a handgun. One state, South Carolina, prohibits the sale of handguns. Hawaii is the only state that requires the registration of *all* types of guns by their owners. Only seven states insist on a waiting period in which to check on a buyer—between his purchase of a gun and its delivery."

The mayor stresses that although

federal law requires dealers who ship firearms by mail to be licensed, almost anybody can become a licensed gun dealer by filling out a form and sending \$1 to the Internal Revenue Service. Pistols and revolvers may not be sent by mail, but shipment by railway express or other common carrier is allowed. Thus, almost anybody may buy or sell guns.

Some dealers send a so-called "certification" form to a mail-order gun buyer, asking him to "certify" that he is not a felon, a fugitive, under indictment, or under 21 years old. But as Sgt. K. T. Carpenter of the Los Angeles police department puts it, "Any nine-year-old child can fill out the form and obtain a gun as long as he has a piggy bank, can draw the numbers 21, and can scrawl his name."

Several months ago, a 15-year-old California boy became angry when he lost a tennis match to a friend. He ran home, got his 6.5-mm Mannlicher-Carcano carbine (the same cheap imported make of weapon which killed the late President Kennedy), and blazed away at his tennis rival, striking him in the spine with a bullet and causing permanent paralysis.

Where had he purchased the rifle? "It was easy," he boasted to police. "I just sent \$13.95 to a mail-order place in Chicago which shipped me the rifle within a week." No, the Chicago firm did not ask how old he was, or whether he ever had been arrested. But they did request the names of his buddies for their mailing list.

The casualness of the boy's purchase of a gun underscores a grim situation: we urgently need fair but firm federal laws which will regulate the sale and ownership of firearms of all kinds. But a powerful lobby, as we shall see, has effectively throttled virtually all proposed gun-control legislation since the 1920s. Unless clergymen, congregations, civic groups, and law-enforcement authorities unite in favor of gun controls, it is unlikely that we ever will have a national firearms law to curtail the murders, suicides, accidental deaths, and injuries now caused by guns in the hands of immature, disturbed, or criminally inclined persons.

Opponents of firearms laws claim that people would be killed by other methods if gun sales were curtailed or banned. They assert that criminals always can find ways to buy guns, that it is the honest, law-abiding citizen who would be penalized by a national firearms law. They are not speaking, of course, about the 17,000 Americans, a fourth of them children, who are killed or wounded *accidentally* every year by bullets.

THE facts belie the claim that gun regulation is not sorely needed. The Federal Bureau of Investigation reports that 57 percent of the 9,850 homicides in the United States last year were committed with firearms. All but one of 53 police officers slain on duty were gunshot victims. In Dallas, 72 percent of all homicides were committed with guns. By contrast, only 25 percent of New York City's homicides were caused by bullets, a tribute to that state's 55-year-old Sullivan Law which requires police permits for the possession of a pistol or revolver.

Says FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover: "Those who claim that the availability of firearms is not a factor in murders in this country are not facing reality."

A recent Gallup Poll produced startling findings:

- Every other American household owns at least one gun.
- In California alone, more than 2.5 million handguns are registered with the state's department of justice. Perhaps as many more are unregistered.
- Of all U.S. high-school boys, 42 percent own a shotgun or rifle; only 27 percent own typewriters.

The gun trade in America is a highly profitable enterprise. For as little as 80¢ each, shoddy, antiquated pistols and rifles are imported from abroad. Eventually, they are sold by mail for as little as \$6 or as much as \$25.

Upwards of 400 mail-order firms peddle these deadly weapons. Their advertisements belie the claim that they appeal primarily to sportsmen. Here is a sample lure:

"Order our deceptively cute little gun known as the derringer. It was

potent enough to kill two of our country's presidents, Abraham Lincoln and William McKinley. Remember, no matter how tough or big your opponent is, if you learn how to use our frontier derringer properly, you will always be the victor!"

Another advertisement in a sex-and-crime magazine offers: "Amazing ballpoint pen gun! Only \$4.95. Looks like a pen and writes like one. But cleverly built into the other end is a .22 caliber pistol."

A 10-year-old Philadelphia boy, without his parents' knowledge, ordered one of these "novelties," using money his aunt had sent him for his birthday. Fortunately, his schoolteacher heard him boasting about his "pen" and confiscated it when he threatened a playmate.

Within weeks of the Kennedy assassination, 18 firearms-control bills were introduced into Congress, and 150 others were prepared by state legislators. Though popular support for firearms regulation is widespread (a Gallup Poll shows 8 out of 10 Americans favor gun-registration laws), almost all these proposed laws have been beaten, tabled, or referred "for study," thanks to efficient lobbyists, who oppose almost *all* gun laws.

Foremost among these is the National Rifle Association (NRA), which claims to be the legislative voice of more than 650,000 gun-owning Americans. The association has done excellent work in promoting safety measures, sponsoring marksmanship contests, and setting up classes in weapons-handling. But from its lavish headquarters—within gunshot of the White House—proposed firearms laws almost invariably are torpedoed through the skillful efforts of the 230-member NRA staff.

Through its monthly publication, *The American Rifleman*, the association boasts that it can quickly mobilize more than a million gun fans in 11,500 NRA-affiliated clubs who will phone, write, or visit legislators to protest weapons curbs.

NRA spokesmen invoke, out of context, the second amendment of our Constitution which reads: "A well-regulated Militia being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to keep and

bear Arms shall not be infringed."

It matters little to the NRA and other gun clubs that constitutional experts and many court decisions agree that the founding fathers intended to safeguard only the people's *collective* right to bear arms as members of a militia. NRA spokesmen hotly defend the right of individual citizens in our urban, industrialized society to own and shoot guns with little or no limitation or control. Editorially, the NRA points to "the positive values of shooting and hunting" and stresses that "guns and shooting are an essential part of our priceless heritage which must be cherished and encouraged."

In the association's magazine, however, appear dealer advertisements offering such merchandise as an "M-1 sniper's cheekpiece," "M-4 carbine bayonet-knife," and "genuine Army surplus dummy hand grenades." If the NRA is interested primarily in marksmanship and hunting, these ads seem out of place in its official publication.

Local clubs can exert tremendous pressure on state legislatures. In Indiana's Vanderburgh County, parents complained that their children's lives in their own yards were imperiled by hunters. However, a bill to ban the discharge of firearms within 1,000 feet of a residence was defeated after gun clubs howled that such a statute would violate their "basic American freedom!"

Few Americans know it, but the National Rifle Association's members receive free ammunition and free or bargain-priced guns from our Defense Department. Back in 1903, the NRA campaigned for a National Board for the Promotion of Rifle Practice. The board was established by Congress, and for more than 60 years it has dispensed guns and ammunition with a prodigal hand to NRA members.

In a recent four-year period, we taxpayers paid \$12 million for 247 million rounds of free ammunition for NRA-affiliated clubs, and \$2.3 million for guns and other equipment "on loan" to clubs. NRA members in that period purchased more than 500,000 surplus U.S. military weapons for a fraction of their retail value.

Supposedly, a regional NRA of-

fice and a state adjutant general must review any new gun club's application for free weapons and ammo. In actual practice, there are few checks and screenings of club members before the Army doles out "surplus" armaments.

A new club's officials are required to be investigated for possible criminal records. But fingerprints—the only reliable way of knowing who has a criminal background—are not required. Once a shooting club is chartered by the NRA, free guns and ammunition are available for the asking.

Police in New York recently uncovered a basement cache of 12,000 rounds of .30-caliber ammunition belonging to a Harlem gun club. Part of this arsenal had come free from a government warehouse. A detective wryly observed, "One would think that 12,000 rounds of ammo is somewhat excessive for 30 members of a gun club in a racially tense area like Harlem."

CALIFORNIA Supreme Court Justice Stanley Mosk believes that considerable free ammunition and guns are falling into the hands of extremists such as the Minutemen and other private armies whose leaders urge citizens to store guns in readiness for what they believe is an imminent communist *putsch*. The Minutemen publication *On Target* urges members, "If you're ever going to buy a gun, buy it now!" and goes on to list suitable family weapons, including semi-automatic .22 rifles for children.

One former Minutemen leader in Clinton, Ill., when arrested, had in his possession 100 submachine guns, five 50-caliber machine guns, a flamethrower, a 75-mm recoilless cannon, several 25-pound aerial bombs, mortars with shells, automatic pistols and rifles, plus an incredible quantity of ammunition.

Embarrassed U.S. officials conceded that the arsenal had been purchased as scrap at bargain prices from the Defense Department and, without great effort, restored to perfect working order.

Only a national firearms-control law, federally administered and far ranging, can curb the indiscriminate sale of guns to private citizens,

political and ethnic fanatics, and criminals.

Significantly, many murderers and mass slayers concede that they had an inordinate interest in guns when they were children.

Has gun fever in youngsters been sparked, in part, by the abundance of violence in movies and TV shows which glorify firearms? Or by the glut of warlike toys on the market? There is a disturbing complacency among the toy manufacturers who annually turn out 20 million or more imitation guns. As one toy tycoon blandly told a *New York Times* reporter:

"A manufacturer doesn't create the demand, he just fills it. We're not the ones who are putting guns in the hands of the kids. The parents are—they buy 80 to 90 percent of all toy guns sold."

Is it morally right in this war-ravaged century to permit, even to encourage, children to play with copies of lethal weapons? Are we promoting the notion that violence is the final answer to all human conflict? Don't ask the toy magnates; they're busy making money.

For a time last summer it appeared that the University of Texas massacre had breathed new life into a long-debated bill before Congress, sponsored by Connecticut's Senator Thomas Dodd. This bill would severely curtail interstate mail-order handgun sales; limit the importation of military-surplus weapons from abroad; ban over-the-counter handgun sales to out-of-state buyers and to any person under 21; and prohibit rifle sales to any person under 18.

But the opponents of gun-control laws, as usual, demanded defeat of even this mild legislation. As public attention moved from Whitman's rampage to other concerns, interest died—and so did the Dodd bill, at least for this congressional session.

Though Americans need licenses to drive motor scooters, run stores, and even own dogs, the pro-gun forces always seem able to muster power to scuttle any gun-registration bill which they regard as an abridgment of personal freedom.

But being shot—senselessly, by someone who never should have had a weapon in the first place—is violation of one's freedom, too! □

THE GRACE TO RECEIVE

By H. THOMAS WALKER, Pastor,
Fairmount Avenue Methodist Church
St. Paul, Minnesota

AS ONE RADIO announcer suggested, "Christmas decorations are up around town, so Thanksgiving can't be far away." Christmas does take some preparation, and it takes time to be ready for this season of giving and receiving.

This also is the time of year when we begin to hear tirades against loss of "the Christmas spirit." Over and over we hear that "Christmas is too commercialized," that "Christmas is not like it used to be," that "children these days just don't appreciate it; all they think about is what they will get."

If nobody has the real Christmas spirit any more, the question is: What is the real Christmas spirit?

Our dilemma began when the angel appeared to the shepherds long ago and told them, "Be not afraid; for behold, I bring you good news of a great joy . . ." This kind of birth—a Babe lying in a manger—is not easily handled, for if God is going to come into the human situation, will he not come with more dignity, with a greater manifestation of power than that of a child born in a stable?

If we are to discover the real spirit of Christmas, perhaps we must accept the fact that, from a human perspective, the event itself is incongruous. The real spirit of Christmas is not easily accepted. At one point in his life, our Lord said, "Unless you turn and become like children, you will never enter the kingdom of heaven." Maybe this gives us a clue to understanding the spirit of Christmas in its truest sense.

Joy in Receiving

In children, there is a contagious expectancy and an anticipation in this season. To a degree, it is selfish. As we grow older we lose this sense of anticipation. We have heard for so long that joy is in *giving* that

we almost train ourselves not to enjoy *receiving*. We give money to charity or to a favorite missionary, or perhaps some toys for underprivileged children, feeling that we are experiencing the true Christmas spirit.

Certainly the joy of giving is one which we need to experience as we find ourselves in the midst of plenty. Yet, this is just a part of it, for there is also the matter of preparing ourselves to *receive* that which God has given us in Christ. To me, the real "spirit of Christmas" is in being willing to receive this with expectancy and great joy. "Unless you turn and become like children . . ."

It is not easy to receive a gift. Take, for instance, the gift of a compliment. I dare say everyone at some time or other, has experienced being downright embarrassed by a compliment. Perhaps the more gracious, genuine, and real it is, the more embarrassed we are.

The art of graceful receiving takes much cultivation. Often the only response to a gift is to give one in return, frequently one of similar value. But in a sense, to give a gift in return negates the one received, and the transaction becomes essentially a trade. To receive a gift graciously is a must if we are to have the real spirit of Christmas.

Many years ago in London there was a woman whose only child was seriously ill. One cold day the woman was passing the king's conservatory when she noticed a beautiful cluster of grapes hanging near a window.

Desiring them for her child, she rushed home, fashioned some cloth on a spinning wheel, sold the cloth for a half crown, and hurried to the conservatory to buy the grapes from the gardener. But he contemptuously waved her away.

Still eager to obtain the fruit, she returned home, took the only blanket she had from her bed, pawned it, and went back to the gardener, offering him five shillings for the grapes. This time the man angrily ordered her out.

Just at that moment the king's daughter entered the conservatory. She asked what was happening. When the distraught mother told her, the princess quietly said, "My dear, you have made a mistake. My father is not a merchant, he is a king. His concern is not to sell but to give."

How like this woman we are in relating to God! We will not allow him to give us a gift. Rather, we often insist that he sell us his blessings for the price of our obedience, our worship, our prayers. In effect, we cry out to God, "What is your price?" We demand from him, "What must I pay?" "What do you want me to do?"

How utterly ridiculous to approach God in this way! It would be as though I turned to my wife, who gives me her love and her very life, and said, "I want to make this right with you. What can I pay you for this kind of devotion?" Or it would be as if I told my parents, who gave me that which cannot be purchased, "I want to pay my bill. How much do I owe you?"

If we can see the utter futility of this, why do we fail to see the foolishness of approaching God from this perspective?

A Gift Demands a Response

The most valuable and treasured gifts do, however, demand a response. When the angel announced the coming of Christ, the shepherds responded in the only way they could—by seeking out the Babe.

Some years ago I read of a man who happened to be passing through a medium-sized community in up-state New York. As he drove into the town, he discovered that virtually all the businesses were closed. On reaching the center of town, he saw that a funeral was in progress in a large church. In fact, the crowd was so large that loudspeakers were provided for those unable to get inside the church.

Curious about who in the community demanded such a funeral, he asked if perhaps the mayor or the richest person in town had died, or if some famous person had been brought back to be buried. The answer was, "No, the man who died was a poor immigrant." He had come over from the old country and reared a family, but never had done very well financially. In his old age, he was without funds and finally had to receive help from welfare. On the morning after receiving his first check, he appeared on the main street of the community with a broom, a shovel, and a bucket and began to clean.

Thereafter, every day as long as he was able, he worked to keep the main street of the town immaculately clean. Whenever he was asked why he did this, he would say with real pride, "I cannot earn my pay, but I can show appreciation."

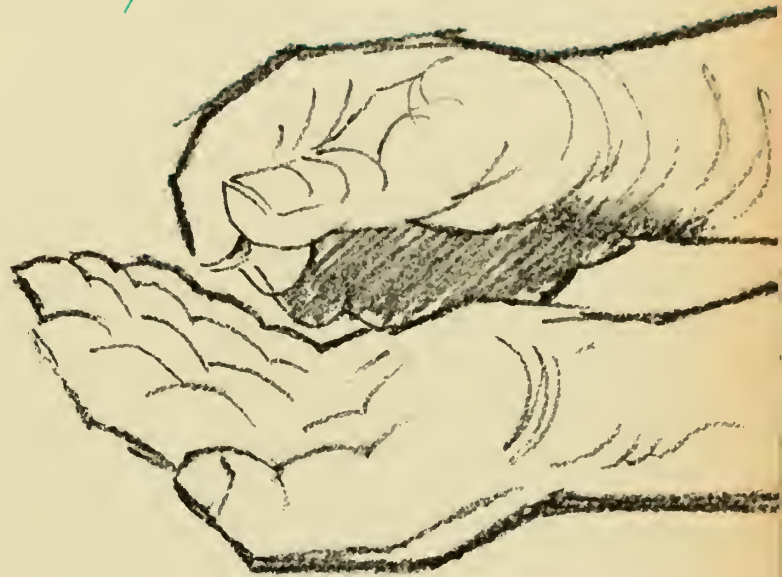
We cannot earn the gift that God gives us in his son, but we must respond to him. The kind of response demanded is revealed in the familiar John 3:16: "For God so loved the world that he gave his only Son, that whoever believes in him should not perish but have eternal life."

From this statement we begin to see what our response to God's gift must be. There can be only one response to love, and that is love in return. Anything less is not adequate. Thus, when Jesus was asked, "Which is the great commandment?" he did not say, "You shall be obedient to God," or "You shall obey the Ten Commandments," or "You shall worship once each week." Rather, he said, "You shall love the Lord your God, with all your heart, and with all your soul, and with all your mind. . . . You shall love your neighbor as yourself." Our response to the gift of God must be love in return.

Graceful Acceptance

The second response required of us is also contained in the verse, ". . . whoever believes in him may have eternal life." The worth of the gift lies in the acceptance of it. Yet, often we try to find an easier way.

There is a story about a golfer who went out to play in an accustomed foursome. Having had some very bad luck the previous times out, he felt this time that he had to do something to improve his game. So he prayed, "Father, a hole-in-one would be nice."



On the first hole, his friends teed off, and their balls landed on the green. He felt all the more urgency that his drive should be good. He squared up the ball, took a mighty swing, and seemed to hit the ball quite well, but it took a nasty hook as it neared the green. Veering into the woods, it ricocheted off one tree, bounced against another, and wobbled onto the green, rolling past the pin. But it had some backspin on it, and after rolling past, it came back and finally dribbled into the hole. Instead of looking good, the golfer appeared very silly. He threw down his club and shouted, "Please, Father, I'd rather do it myself!"

This story reveals a condition of a man. Somehow we have a feeling that we are made to look silly when we accept the gift of God's redemption through his Son, Jesus Christ. And so, rather than look silly, we pretend that there has been no such gift. It is as if we are saying, "It was nice of you to give your Son, but you needn't have bothered. I'll work this out by myself."

Our difficulty in knowing what to do with Christmas comes because of our inability to recognize the implications involved in this action. The essence of Christmas is in the fact that God entered the human situation in the life of his son Jesus, who is the Christ. To respond adequately to this gift is to accept it.

For the spirit of Christmas is not so much in giving as it is in receiving the gift God has given us. □

ADVENT ♦ ♦

Season of Preparation

By HELEN JOHNSON, Associate Editor

Illustrations by DON WILSON

SUNDAY, November 27, is the beginning both of the Christian Year and of the holy season when we prepare ourselves for the coming of our Messiah. This season, which we call Advent, continues until Christmas Eve.

Advent means a coming, and we celebrate these days of Advent in expectation and preparation. We are like the Jews: down the centuries they looked for the coming of a king sent from God, a messiah, or "anointed one," who would save them from suffering and give them victory over their enemies.

Genesis hinted at it in Jacob's blessing of Judah (Genesis 49). Balaam prophesied, "A star shall come forth out of Jacob" (Numbers 24:17). Later, but still more than 700 years before the birth of the Babe, Isaiah and Micah each had a vision. Micah declared: "But you, O Bethlehem Ephrathah, who are little to be among the clans of Judah, from you shall come forth for me one who is to be ruler in Israel . . ." (Micah 5:2). Isaiah said, ". . . and his name will be called 'Wonderful Counselor, Mighty God, Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace'" (Isaiah 9:6). And 400

years before the Magi, the prophet Malachi foretold: ". . . and the Lord whom you seek will suddenly come to his temple" (Malachi 3:1).

As the time came near, an angel appeared to an aging priest, Zechariah, and told him he would have a son, John, who would be filled with the Holy Spirit and would make the way ready for the Lord (Luke 1:13-17). And the child John was born, and when he became a man, John the Baptist bore witness to the Light that then had come into the world. But the Jewish people had expected a mighty warrior, a magnificent king. Only a handful recognized their Messiah in the carpenter's young son of Nazareth.

Through the centuries, Christians have observed a time of waiting, of expectation, before celebrating the birth of the Savior we call the Christ. The term Advent was used for the first time at the Council of Tours, in 567. Since the ninth century, Western Christendom has begun Advent on the Sunday nearest November 30, continuing it until Christmas Eve.

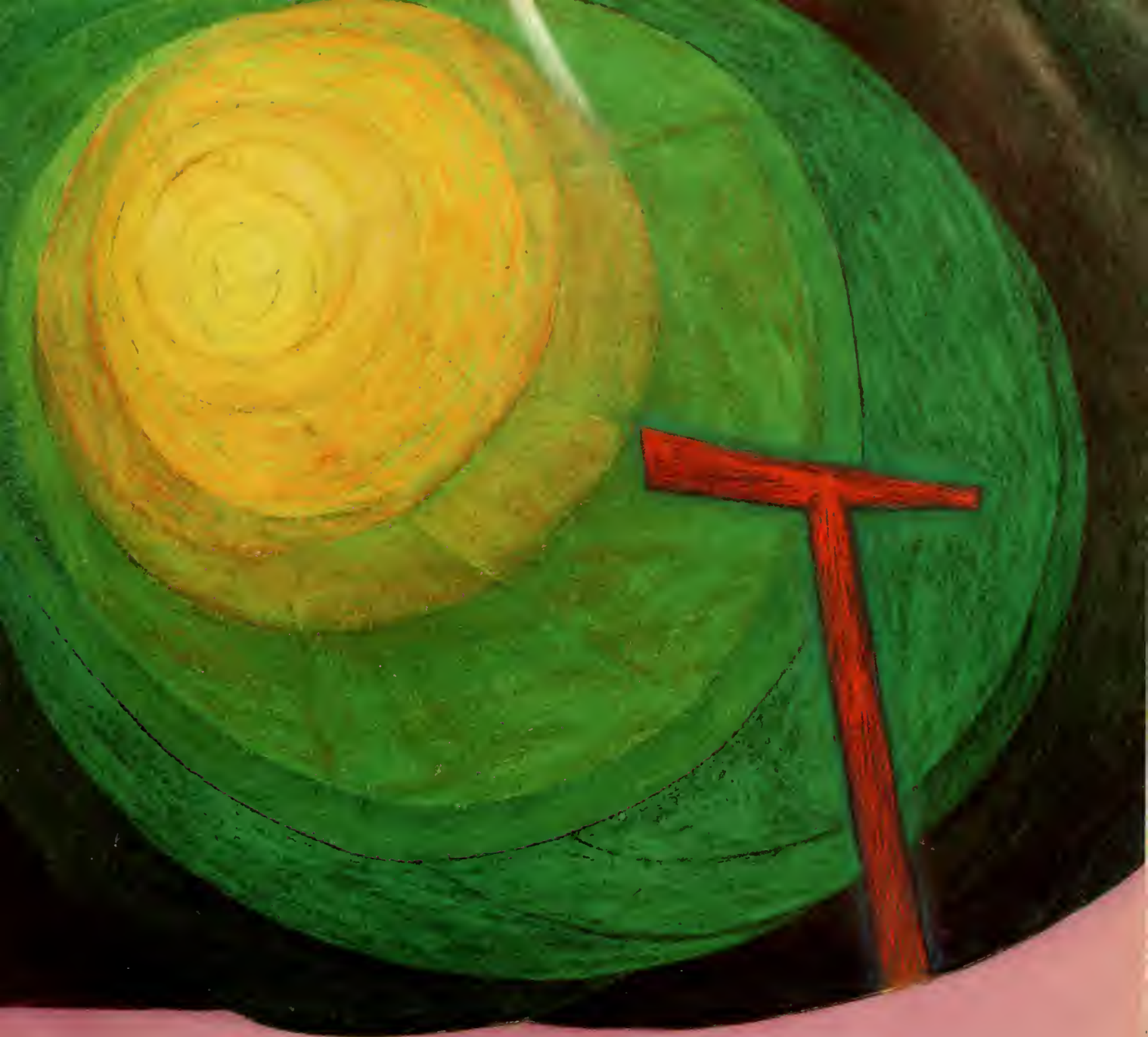
During the Middle Ages, Advent was a sober, penitential season. Now it is a time of reflection and preparation, but its mood is joyful. A rich tradition of liturgy, symbolism, custom, and legend surrounds it—some of it stemming from pagan festivals that have been Christianized. Art, music, and poetry help celebrate the season.

Christians in the United States draw on an inheritance from many lands in observing Advent, both in the sanctuary and in the home. Many families who do not ordinarily have family worship find quiet times during this season to read the biblical prophecies and sing Advent hymns. This is the season, too, for retelling Advent legends and observing Advent traditions.

In some homes, the days of the season are marked with an Advent calendar. These brightly colored cards from northern Europe have as many windows as there are days in Advent, and each day a window is opened to reveal a scene or a Scripture passage.

The Advent wreath, also from northern Europe, is increasingly used in homes. This circlet of green boughs—evergreen to symbolize eternal life—has four candles which are lit on successive Sundays. Three candles are royal purple, Advent's liturgical color; the other, for the third Sunday, is joyous pink.

Advent's basic meaning—a coming, or arrival—has been enriched by Christian tradition to mean much more. It means the revelation of God's nature and man's purpose that burst forth when God's son was born in a stable, died on a cross, and rose again to eternal life. It means the coming again of the Son at the end of time. And it means, in our hearts, his coming to us today. Let us prepare him room!



First Sunday: From Darkness to Light



THE FIRST candle on the Advent wreath leaps into light. The Church Year begins.

This is a holy season, the time when Christians prepare their minds and hearts to receive anew God's greatest gift.

Slowly the darkness of fear recedes. Slowly the shadows of sin fall back. The light that is to illuminate our night is ahead. In worship, prayer, and thanksgiving, we prepare ourselves. All Christendom waits in joyful expectation.

The Son of God will come. Through him we will know the Father. Light and love will reign!





Second Sunday:

The PROPHECY

ON THIS second Sunday in Advent we celebrate the Messiah prophecy foreshadowed in Genesis and Numbers, proclaimed by such Old Testament prophets as Isaiah, Jeremiah, Micah, and Malachi, and repeated by John the Baptist.

Isaiah also foretold John's coming. "A voice cries: 'In the wilderness prepare the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God.' " (Isaiah 40:3.) John the Baptist was the voice in the desert when Jesus came to Bethany, beyond the Jordan, where John was baptizing. John, seeing him, saw the Spirit descend as a dove from heaven and remain upon him, and he cried out: "And I have seen and have borne witness that this is the Son of God." (John 1:28-34.)

Jesus went about his Father's work. Multitudes who heard him rejoiced. Yet there were those who felt threatened by the truth revealed by him, and they conspired to kill him on Calvary. But the love of God cannot be killed; his truth cannot be buried. This was the witness of the



The Legend of St. Nicholas . . . Throughout the history of the church, many men and women have lived their lives in the spirit of Christ's love and sacrifice. One such man was Nicholas, bishop of Myra, in Asia Minor, some 300 years after Christ. Nicholas was imprisoned for his faith, but he is remembered best for his kindness and generosity.

Ancient legend tells how this good bishop gave dowries to the three daughters of a poor nobleman who had thought he was going to have to give them up to a life of shame. Nicholas tried to do the giving anonymously by surreptitiously depositing a bag of gold in each girl's shoe in turn. But the curious father caught him the third time, to the



Risen Christ, who told his followers they must, henceforth, be his body in the world. And so a small band of Christians became his church.

Observing Advent at Home . . . Advent's liturgical color is purple, symbol of royalty. Some Christians decorate their Advent wreaths with purple ribbons, and purple candles may be used through the house. Linen, glassware, or table decorations may be purple during the season. On December 6, children may put small bundles of hay and carrots, and dishes of water, on the windowsill or hearth for St. Nicholas's horse, as Netherlands children do.

embarrassment of both bishop and noble.

Nicholas usually is pictured in bishop's robes, riding or leading a white horse. He is considered the special protector of children, scholars, merchants, and sailors.

In varied forms, the legend of St. Nicholas has spread to many lands. It came to America in the early days of the colonies, when the children of Dutch settlers talked about the coming of "San Nicolaas." English-speaking children thought they said "Santy Klos," and so the name has come to us. The tradition of secret gift-giving came with it, although it has been diverted from St. Nicholas's Day, on December 6, to Christmas Eve or Day.

Third Sunday: *GAUDETE* (Rejoice)

"AND THE desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose," says the King James Version of Isaiah 35:1. The prophet was looking forward to the redemption of Zion. And on Gaudete Sunday, like a sudden, brief parting of the clouds, we are bid to rejoice in anticipation of our coming King. The liturgical color changes from somber purple to rosy pink, and the legends and hymns sing of blossoming and light.

In Sweden, the Feast of St. Lucia, celebrated on December 13, symbolizes hope and charity, and the return of light as the sun begins its way north

again. Lucia, in fact, was born in Sicily. She gave away her dowry to the poor, admitted publicly she had become a Christian, and died a martyr's death in A.D. 304. Medieval legend connects her with Sweden, saying she brought food to the hungry during a famine—clad in white, with a luminous halo encircling her head.

Hardly a Swedish home fails to honor its own Lucia, "Queen of Light," on December 13, and Swedish communities elect their Lucias to preside over parades and banquets. Traditional dress for Lucia is a white robe and a crown of candles.





Observing Advent at Home . . . "Lo, how a Rose e'er blooming / From tender stem hath sprung! / Of Jesse's lineage coming, / As men of old have sung." A traditional German carol sings the message of Gaudete Sunday; the new Methodist Hymnal offers other hymns, Scripture sentences, and collects for family worship during the whole of Advent. The rosy hue of this Sunday is reflected in the candle we place in the Advent wreath, and many American families that have a Swedish heritage celebrate St. Lucia's Day, December 13.

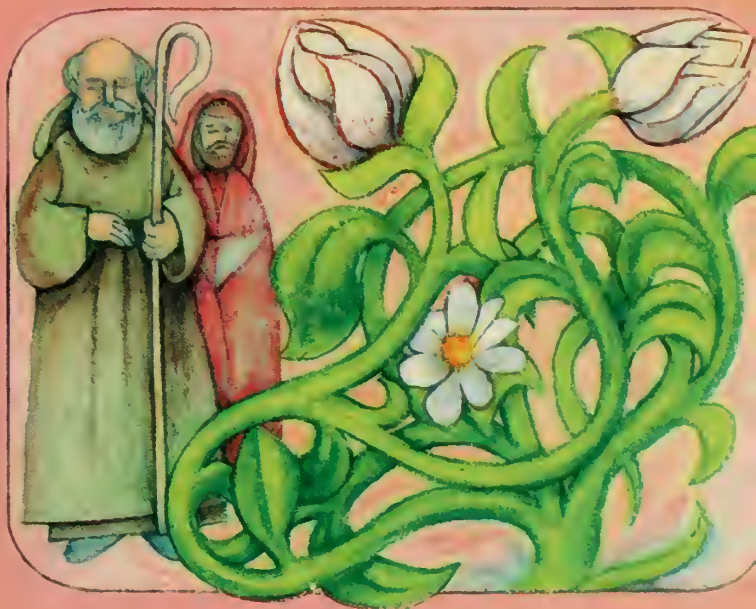
Legend of the Christmas Rose

THE Christmas rose is not like the roses that bloom in our gardens in the summertime. It is a valiant herb called *Helleborus niger* that puts forth its blossoms at Christmastime, when other plants are bare. And the blossoms look like stars.

Legend tells us that a miracle used to take place every Christmas Eve deep in a forest in Sweden. At the very hour of midnight, the snow and ice disappeared, the ground became a carpet of green, flowers unfolded, berries grew heavy on the bushes, balmy breezes blew through leafy treetops, and the animals, birds, and insects went about as they do in midsummer. The miracle lasted until daybreak. Then the forest became frozen and silent again.

An old abbot was told of the miracle by the mother of a family of robbers, and she promised to lead him to the forest to witness it if he would persuade the bishop to pardon her husband. The bishop said he would grant the pardon if the abbot would bring him a flower as proof of the miracle.

On Christmas Eve, the outlaw family led the abbot and a lay brother deep into the forest, where they stood huddled together in the dark, cold night. On the stroke of 12, the miracle took place just as it had been described, and the abbot clasped his hands in ecstasy at God's handiwork. But the lay brother thought the transformation had to be the work of Satan and called it evil. At his words, the light and beauty disappeared, and



icy darkness returned. The miracle had vanished.

Heartbroken, the abbot fell to the ground and died, but in death his clutching fingers found a pair of tiny white bulbs. The lay brother took them back to the abbot's garden and planted them. Spring came, and summer, and fall, but they did not bloom. Finally, in winter, when all else lay bare, they burst into flower, and the delicate white star-shaped blossoms were taken to the bishop, who fulfilled his promise and pardoned the outlaw.

Never again, the legend concludes, will the forest come miraculously alive. But the white flower still blooms at Christmastime, and is called the Christmas rose.



The Legend of the Robin . . . This centuries-old story tells how the robin got its red breast. Night had come to Bethlehem, and with it the chill that falls on desert lands when the sun is gone.

In the stable where the holy family slept, a fire crackled on the earthen floor to keep them warm. But gradually the fire began to flicker. Finally the flames died, and only a few embers were left smoldering. Cold crept in.

But the heavenly Father did not let the weary Mary and Joseph and the holy Child grow cold.

A little brown robin flew into the darkened stable, poised itself on a log near the dying embers, and began to flap its wings to fan the waning warmth. Slowly the embers began to glow and to put forth heat. As they grew hotter, the little bird's breast grew redder—but it would not stop its fanning until the flames had burst forth again and the air in the stable was warm.

From that time, the story goes, the robin's breast has been red, a sign of its devotion to the Blessed Babe, and symbol of creation.



Fourth Sunday:

RORATE (*Showers of Righteousness*)

THE triumphant-sounding word Rorate is the imperative of the Latin verb *rorare*. It means to drop dew.

Rorate Sunday's name comes from Isaiah 45:8: "Shower, O heavens, from above, and let the skies rain down righteousness; let the earth open, that salvation may sprout forth, and let it cause righteousness to spring up also; I the Lord have created it."

The prophet, who is known as "Second Isaiah," wrote this rapturous passage in contemplation of the Jewish people's deliverance from their long exile in Babylon. Freed by Cyrus of Persia, conqueror of Babylonia, the Jews would be able to return home to Israel, rebuild their Temple in Jerusalem, and worship Yahweh in freedom. Isaiah sees their return, and the restoration of Israel, as the beginning of the consummation of all history; and, he exults, all nature will share in the joy over the liberation of God's people.

Christians on this fourth, and last, Sunday in Advent prepare to celebrate the event for which

the whole world waited: mankind's deliverance from exile from God.

The prophet Jeremiah foretold: "Behold, the days are coming, says the Lord, when I will make a new covenant with the house of Israel and the house of Judah, not like the covenant which I made with their fathers . . . I will put my law within them, and I will write it upon their hearts; and I will be their God and they shall be my people." (Jeremiah 31:31-33.)

The season of preparation nears its end. The hour is at hand. The light grows brighter. The long-expected Messiah comes nigh.

Observing Advent at Home . . . Young children can help build a bird feeder and fill it with crumbs and seeds. And they will like to sing the Danish carol I Heard a Bird Sing in the Dark of December. Other members of the family will enjoy the Old English phrases of William Dunbar's poem On the Nativity of Christ, which begins: "Rorate coeli desuper! Hevins, distil your balmy schouris! For now is risen the bricht day-ster."





The King Is Come!

Break forth, O beauteous heavenly light,
And usher in the morning;
Ye shepherds shrink not with affright,
But hear the angel's warning.
This child, now weak in infancy,
Our confidence and joy shall be,
The power of Satan breaking,
Our peace eternal making.

—Johann Rist, 1607-1667

The Keeping of Advent

PEOPLE LOOK East. The time is near," bids a contemporary Advent carol. "Sleepers, awake," commands Johann Sebastian Bach's *Wachet Auf*. "He is the Way," chants the chorus in W. H. Auden's Christmas drama *For the Time Being*, "follow Him through the Land of Unlikeness."

But how, in the commercialized confusion of a contemporary Christmas season, can we keep Advent?

First, we can fill the house with music that looks toward the coming of Christ: Advent hymns and carols like *Wake, Awake, for Night Is Flying*, once called the most perfect of Christian hymns, and recordings like the Advent portion of Arthur Honegger's *Christmas Cantata*. The familiar Christmas carols which tell of the birth of the Child really are not appropriate until Christmas Eve.

Next, we can make a family ceremony of opening the appropriate window of an Advent calendar each day. We can make our own Advent wreath, or make

a Jesse tree and add to it each day a symbol of the spiritual heritage of Jesus.

We also can set aside a special time each day for family worship. The Methodist *Book of Worship* has valuable aids; so does *The Methodist Hymnal*, particularly the 1966 edition. Through Bible readings, we can trace the Messiah prophecy through the Old and New Testaments, returning to the King James Version for majestic utterance or turning to *The New English Bible* for a clear, contemporary translation of the New Testament. The illustrated *Young Readers Bible* is particularly appropriate for use with children.

Finally, we can expose ourselves to art depicting John the Baptist, St. Nicholas, the bird, the rose, and the other symbols of Advent. We can turn to the poets. And we can seek contemporary interpretations of Advent in art, literature, music, and the world around us.

Above all, we can open our hearts to expanding joy. Advent makes us ready for Christmas!

LORRAINE Westerberg, who has been TOGETHER's consultant on this Advent feature, has led us to widely varied sources of history, symbolism, tradition, music, art, and literature. Among those that may be most useful to teachers and families are these:

THE PROPHECIES

Genesis 49; Numbers 24; Isaiah 9:1-7; 11; 40; 45; Jeremiah 23:5-6; 31:31-33; Micah 5; Zechariah 9:9-10; Malachi 3:1-3; Matthew 1:18-25; Mark 1:1-8; Luke 1; John 1:1-34; Romans 13:8-14; 15:4-12.

SCRIPTURE AND WORSHIP

The New English Bible: New Testament (Oxford, \$4.95 to \$15, cloth; \$1.45, paper); *Young Readers Bible* (A. J. Holman, \$5.95); *The Book of Worship* (The Methodist Publishing House, 1966 edition, \$2.25); *The Methodist Hymnal* (The Methodist Publishing House, 1966 edition, \$3).

HISTORY, SYMBOLISM, TRADITION, LEGEND

The Christian Year by Edward T. Horn III (Fortress Press, \$4.50); *Calendar of Christianity* by Allan Hauck (Association Press, 75¢); *Seasons and Symbols* by Robert Wetzler and Helen Huntington (Augsburg, \$1.95); *Signs and Symbols in Christian Art* by George Ferguson (Oxford, \$7.50, cloth; \$3.45, paper); *The Horizon History of Christianity* by Roland H. Bainton and the Editors of Horizon (Harper & Row, \$18.95); *The Golden Book of Christmas Tales* by James Lewicki (Golden Press, \$1.95); *The Jesse Tree* by Raymond and Georgene Anderson (Fortress Press, \$1.95, paper); *In the Spirit of Wonder*, edited by M. L. Shrady (Pantheon, \$1.50).

CAROLS AND HYMNS

From *The Methodist Hymnal* (1966) (carols starred appear also in the 1939 hymnal): *Come, Thou Long-Expected Jesus**; *O Come, O Come, Emmanuel* (stanzas 3 and 4)*; *O Splendor of God's Glory Bright**; *Christ, Whose Glory Fills the Skies**; *Awake, My Soul, and With the Sun**; *All Creatures of Our God and King**; *Praise the Lord! Ye Heavens, Adore Him**; *Creator of the Stars of Night; Let All Mortal Flesh Keep Silence; Of the Father's Love Begotten; The King Shall Come When Morning Dawns; The Lord Our God Is Clothed With Might; The Lord Will Come and Not Be Slow; The People That in Darkness Sat; Watchman, Tell Us of the Night**; *Lo, He Comes With Clouds Descending; O Morning Star, How Fair and Bright*.

From *The Methodist Hymnal* (1939): *The God of Abraham Praise*.

From *The Hymnal* (1940) (The Episcopal Church Pension Fund, \$2.25): *Hark! A Thrilling Voice Is Sounding; On Jordan's Bank the Baptist's Cry; I Know a Rose Tree Springing; Advent Tells Us Christ Is Near*.

From *Hymnal for Colleges and Schools*, edited by E. Harold Geer (Yale, \$6.50): *How Shall I Receive Thee?*

From *The Oxford Book of Carols* by Percy Dearmer, Vaughan Williams, and Martin Shaw (Oxford, \$4.50): *Remember, O Thou Man; There Is a Rose Tree Springing; Joseph and Mary; The Praise of Christmas; If Ye Would Hear; Carol of the Advent; No Room in the Inn; Righteous Joseph*.

OTHER MUSIC

A Procession With Carols for the First Sunday in Advent—King's College, Cambridge (London label recording).

Johann Sebastian Bach's *Wachet Auf* (Vanguard and Bach Guild recordings). *Rejoice, Beloved Christians* from Dietrich Buxtehude's *Abendmusiken* (Archive label recording).

There Is No Rose, The Deo Grazia, and *Spring Carol* from Benjamin Britten's *Ceremony of Carols* (London label recording).

De Profundis to the *Rose Carol* in Arthur Honegger's *Christmas Cantata* (London label recording).

Benjamin Britten's *St. Nicholas Cantata* (recording no longer available, score published by Boosey and Hawkes).

POETRY

From *The Oxford Book of Verse*, edited by Arthur Quiller-Couch (Oxford, \$7.50): *On the Nativity of Christ* by William Dunbar; *Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity* by John Milton; *Of a Rose Is All My Song* by an anonymous poet.

From *A Treasury of Christian Verse*, edited by Hugh Martin (Fortress Press, \$2): *Hymn for Advent* by Jeremy Taylor; *Christmas* by John Betjeman.

From *Sing a Song of Seasons* by Sara and John E. Brewton (Macmillan, \$4.50): the words to *I Heard a Bird Sing in the Dark of December*.

DRAMA

W. H. Auden's Christmas oratorio *For the Time Being* (in *Religious Drama*/1, selected and introduced by Marvin Halverson, Meridian, \$1.95).

ART

Advent themes you may find in prints and art anthologies in your public library, local bookstores, art galleries, or museums. Some libraries lend prints. Prints are available for sale in museum stores. □

How goes the federal government's war on poverty? With great complexity! Now in its third year, it is costly, complicated—and controversial, especially where churches are involved.

Here is one assessment of its goals and its successes from a man who has closely followed the program from its inception, and who recently visited a number of projects across the nation.

Its greatest value, he concludes, is in salvaging self-respect—so a woman can say:

'I Am No Longer an X'

By WILLIAM LEE MILLER

Associate Professor of Social Ethics
Yale Divinity School

THE WALLS of what used to be the Regis Hotel, in the center of Omaha's business district, now are decorated with the posters, announcements, and admonitions appropriate to a place filled with 335 teen-age girls: "Don't Kiss by the Job Corps Gate; Love Is Blind But Omaha Ain't." Some are business-like: "Sewing Makes Cents."

I went past these signs down to a basement room to find Ralph Schiavone, a young business executive now working in the antipoverty program. He was giving a mock job interview to one of the resident teen-agers, a timid and inarticulate Negro girl, her big eyes firmly fixed on her shoes. After his sharp questions brought only mumbles from her, he told her to return another day for another trial run, and advised: "Don't chew gum."

After the girl left, he talked to me about his job, with the combination of exasperation and exhilaration that one encounters again and again among the warriors on poverty. "It is *incredible*," he said with a grimace, "that we should be reaching the moon, and there are still people in this country who can't read or write. We have kids come in here who can't measure, who can't even figure two bunches of carrots at 5¢."

Then the grimace became a grin. "Wednesday we had a gradua-

tion. Fourteen girls. We remembered them when they came, and felt good. We thought we'd have to give them motivation, but the motivation is there. You won't find any LSD or glue-sniffing here. Public-school people who come through are surprised. These girls have *volunteered* for eight or nine months because they *want* to be here."

I found the young executives in the Omaha Center, like Schiavone, a particularly interesting part of the war on poverty. The Omaha Women's Job Corps is managed, under a contract with the federal government's antipoverty agency, by the Burroughs Corporation, whose primary field is electronic data processing. I asked myself: What would a rigid Marxist (or, for that matter, an old-line free enterpriser) make of *this*—a capitalistic business corporation employed by the government to help bring the poor up out of their poverty?

Administrators like Schiavone are not social workers or reformers but businessmen. Who would ever have thought that some of these gray-flannel-suited business executives—from such companies as Bell Telephone; Hart Schaffner & Marx; International Harvester; and Inland Steel—would turn up fighting poverty in cities around the country? Schiavone and his colleagues explained—as we went past the rooms where hotel work, typing, grocery-store work, and practical nursing are taught—that being businessmen had helped them to get co-operation in training and hiring.

One of 100 Centers

The Omaha Women's Job Corps Center is one of the more than 100 centers—from Poland Springs, Maine, to Pleasanton, Calif.—that make up the Job Corps. The men's centers enroll as many as 3,000 corpsmen at one location; and they have had more problems and more negative publicity.

The Job Corps is but one of a dozen major programs set up by the Economic Opportunity Act of 1964—popularly called the federal government's "war on poverty." And it is not the most popular part of that war. That honor goes to Project Head Start, with its appealing effort to help culturally deprived four-year-olds. Also generally well regarded is VISTA (Volunteers in Service to America), the "domestic Peace Corps," which has placed more than 3,000 volunteers in Indian settlements, migrant-labor camps, ghettos, and hill towns.

The Neighborhood Youth Corps also received more favorable treatment in Congress this year than did the Job Corps. It provides jobs for teen-agers in their own hometowns—in libraries, parks, hospitals, and schools. Preventive where the Job Corps is curative, the program offers the disadvantaged young person a chance to earn money—usually \$1.25 an hour—while he receives training. Many go on to jobs, back to school, or into the Job Corps. It reaches, at a much lower cost per head, a great many more young people than does the Job Corps; just this *one* division of the

An Interchurch Feature also appearing in Presbyterian Life, The Episcopalian, United Church Herald (United Church of Christ), and Church and Home (Evangelical United Brethren).—EDITORS



VISTA volunteers, like the girl at right, serve in poverty-stricken communities across the United States.

war on poverty has more participants than there are United States troops in Viet Nam.

The Job Corps, though, tackles the harder problems more intensively. It takes more difficult cases away from their home cities and aims at a more thoroughgoing transformation.

One strong criticism has been the cost per corpsman. "As much as it costs to send a student to Harvard," is one commonly heard complaint. One main reason for the relatively high cost is transportation (a map on the wall in Omaha showed that the girls there came from 40 states). As more centers open, there can be greater regional concentration and some reduction in transportation cost. But the fundamental idea—of getting the enrollee *out* of the environment of his home street—will remain.

Spend Now, Save Later

We spend great sums to advance the advantaged; why not, in a rich society, also spend to rescue the disadvantaged? And then—a more selfish argument—it costs taxpayers \$100,000 to keep a person on relief for a lifetime, not counting what society may have to pay for vandal-

ism, crime, and remedial and penal institutions, that may result from stunted lives without hope. Isn't it better to spend one twentieth of that now, so that people can earn their own way and help pay taxes? The whole poverty program, it is often said, intends to "turn tax-eaters into taxpayers." This is happening in the Job Corps.

The Job Corps is not exclusively concerned with job training. Poverty, we have learned, is a more complex thing than not having a job or money; it often has to do also with despairing and cynical attitudes, with lack of hope and lack of aspiration. The girls in Omaha are required to study "life skills"—homemaking, budgeting, diet, and child care. Executives there say they are after a change of attitude.

The poverty program uses many instruments in trying to penetrate and overcome the culture of poverty and to help the poor: legal aid on the block, storefront libraries for poor neighborhoods, community schools open in the evening, foster grandparents for youngsters, consumer education for shoppers who are often preyed upon. To simplify, though, we may say that the two largest weapons in this poverty war

are employment and education.

Although the national unemployment rate now is well under 4 percent—a great improvement over the late '50s and early '60s—the general rise in employment does not eliminate pockets of persistent underemployment and joblessness among Negroes, Spanish-Americans, and Indians; Puerto Ricans and Appalachian whites; teen-agers and older citizens; the people of the coal mines, the deserted hills, and the abandoned factory towns. In some areas—like Watts—unemployment is as bad as it was for the whole country in the Great Depression.

The national picture is mirrored in one medium-sized city: 8,000 jobs going begging side by side with 6,000 unemployed. The problem is that the people do not fit the jobs. The men seeking work usually have no skills and little education; the jobs seeking men are for draftsmen, engineers, mechanics, data processors. Although the threat of automation has been overdramatized, still it is true that the job market offers less and less to a man who has nothing to offer but a strong back. Machines can do almost anything he can do—better.

For the many relatively unskilled



At Seattle's Grace Methodist Church (left) a child day-care center enables parents to take advantage of job-training programs. The church receives rent for its facilities, but members are involved as volunteers. Above, an Inland Steel Company executive, visiting a Job Corps center to recruit workers, shows a trainee a plant.

jobs that will remain—in the rapidly expanding service industries, primarily—one basic skill is required: literacy. Mitchell Sviridoff, new head of New York's antipov-erty and human-resources agency, says that the most important job training these days is in using the English language.

The hotel maid has to be able to read the list of items for each room, the waitress has to be able to write and add the check, the store clerk or hospital attendant has to be able to read labels. A great deal of the poverty war is education—not only in Head Start but in remedial reading classes and adult-education.

In a basic education class of one poverty program, I saw once again that mixture of sad facts and hopeful beginnings: silent, embarrassed, teen-age boys, with the tight black pants that almost make a uniform, struggling with the most elementary words. "They don't want to read 'Run, Spot, run,'" one worker explained—but there are almost no materials and no guidelines he added, for teaching adults and children from slums.

Community-Action Controversy

Beyond jobs and schooling, the most important tool of the poverty

program—also the most controversial and the most interesting—is the community-action program. This means a local umbrella agency that combines in one unit a co-ordinated citywide attack on poverty. These unifying local agencies—such as TAP (Total Action Against Poverty) in Detroit; CPI (Community Progress, Incorporated) in New Haven—have been criticized by both the outs and the ins. The outs charge that the poor become a tool of the "establishment," lacking representatives on the boards which make decisions. They quote the sentence in the Economic Opportunity Act which states that programs should be carried out with the "maximum feasible participation of the people and areas served."

But some of the powers-that-be—school people, social workers, and especially mayors—are worried that community action provides the structure for a tax-supported insurrection against city hall and established agencies.

Sargent Shriver, director of OEO (Office of Economic Opportunity), told me he still supports this community-action phase of his agency's work for practical reasons. "It would be completely impossible to

administer a program under which every local agency in the United States could come down to Washington and compete for money," he said. "The local umbrella agency, when it is properly run, serves as an extremely effective clearinghouse for local ideas. We get the blame in Washington for community-action agencies that are failures, and we get the credit for those which are successes. And we deserve neither. Community action is a product of local leadership and management and initiative and imagination and courage."

Wherever one encounters the war on poverty—at any level—there is much controversy, conflict, and argument. These make news. Charges and countercharges are featured and remembered; quiet, effective daily work is harder to report and harder to believe in.

The cynics of the left and the callous of the right are quick to believe the worst of any governmental program, especially one with any pretense to idealism. But there are many moving and impressive examples of a new style of social action. When I asked Omaha's Ralph Schiavone about some of the criticisms, he answered forcefully, "Let them come and see!"



Job Corps Centers teach basic education courses, like reading and math, as well as practical skills. Girls pictured above are learning techniques of being nurse's aides. At right, young men of the Neighborhood Youth Corps on a project in their North Carolina community. Both programs aim at increasing young people's chances for jobs.



Come, see, and hear, for example, a Mexican-American woman make a little speech—her first in English—on family night at a church in Artesia, N.Mex.:

"I am Lupe Silva. I am married and have six children. I came from Mexico 13 years ago. In Mexico, I have a high-school education, but I cannot speak English as well as I would like to. I found it was very difficult to associate with non-Spanish-speaking people before I started with the literacy class.

"In the cooking class, I have learned to fix foods so I can feed my family a better diet.

"By going to the sewing classes, I have learned to sew the right way. I made the dress I am wearing now in that class.

"The HELP center has a nursery and they take care of my children while I'm in class. My children are learning to speak better English, and this will help them when they start to school."

HELP—A Role for Churches

Mrs. Silva is a student at the HELP center in Hagerman, N. Mex.; the agency that administers HELP in the New Mexico Council of Churches. Not all the war on poverty is fought by governmental

agencies, nor are all the battles on city streets.

HELP stands for Home Education Livelihood Program. Although one always is a little suspicious of the convenient acronymic titles that abound in the poverty war, leaders insist that this set and order of words does describe what the organization is doing for the "underemployed seasonal agricultural workers" (USAWs) of New Mexico.

In Spanish-American villages of northern New Mexico and in southern New Mexico areas where Mexican and Negro migrants come, HELP has been at work for more than a year with the first grant of its type from the federal antipoverty program.

The Roman Catholic archdiocese of Santa Fe joined the New Mexico Council of Churches early in 1965. HELP, thus, not only is an unusual example of church action using government funds but also of Protestant-Catholic co-operation.

Nineteen years ago, Protestant and Catholic leaders were antagonists in a rather nasty interreligious fight over nuns teaching in public schools. Now they have sat down together on the governor's planning committee for the poor, and are

working together on the board of HELP.

Is there a church-state issue involved? Not if the migrants—the poor—receive all the benefit, and the churches as institutions receive none. This is the answer to this question throughout the poverty network, based on the "child benefit" Supreme Court rulings.

Perhaps constitutional doctrine and new currents in theological ethics join together to recommend a role for the church in the poverty program, serving the poor. Many churchmen are willing to see the church be much less concerned with its own institutional advantage, much more concerned with its direct, humane service of healing and justice in the world—to be a Christ to the neighbor.

Does it make a difference that this program is run by a council of churches rather than by a governmental or business or secular non-profit agency? Perhaps not much, in day-to-day operations. "Sometimes I think the only difference it makes is that our board meetings start with prayer," said one official. But had there not been a long-term interest in the migrant workers by the churches, there probably would be no program for them today.

How Serious Are We?

What appraisal can be made of the larger picture of the church's role in the poverty program?

If one uses as a test what was done in the past, then the work of the '60s is extraordinary and good. But measured against the continuing needs of the poor, the deepening crisis of the cities, and the extremes of affluence and poverty, the appraisal cannot be so favorable.

The National Council of Churches endorsed a major attack on "poverty in the midst of plenty" two years before the Economic Opportunity Act of 1964. Many denominations have launched major study and action projects.¹

Clergymen and laymen play active roles in poverty programs across the country. Laywomen teach Head Start classes and run foster-grandparent programs; seminarians participate in community-school activities, and their wives in

tutoring children of the poor.

But slums grow, and the great mass of American Christians has not altered the complacent national atmosphere. A young former minister now at work on poverty problems in a major city makes these typical comments: "I can't think of any church that's getting really serious about this—getting down on the street and staying there—except some Roman Catholics. Many elements in the business community are more serious about solving this than the Protestant churches."

Signs of Success

Against the background of Harlem and Harlan County, of Watts and Hough and Lowndes County, the federal war on poverty itself looks inadequate. But looked at with the realistic background of our past neglect and of the present reality of people helped, it looks very good, indeed.

Workers in Hartford report that, since their poverty program began, welfare aid to families has declined by one third; major crimes—which increased sharply between 1963 and 1965—fell off in 1966; false fire alarms were down 20 percent this year compared to last. The

Omaha Women's Jobs Corps Center reports that 7 out of 10 of their girls—dropouts, push-outs, hard core unemployed—are placed in jobs. In Oakland and Berkeley, the juvenile-crime rate abruptly declined when the Neighborhood Youth Corps came in.

In Denver, a Negro math teacher, who worked his own way through college by holding two full-time jobs, says of the Upward Bound program (summer schooling that gives able but needy high-school young people a taste of college): "Sometimes it's hard for people who haven't had this trouble to understand what a benefit this program is. To help these kids get grants and get to college, it's terrific."

In Chicago, Detroit, and New Haven, poverty officials provide reams of examples of poor people for whom they have found jobs, given training, or helped to find housing. Neighborhood workers—themselves from the areas of poverty—tell moving stories of what they have done that day to get one man a job, or a kid back into school, or a family a decent apartment. The national statistics—especially for Head Start and Neighborhood Youth Corps—are impressive.

¹ *Relating Methodism to the interdenominational mission-study theme for 1966-67, Affluence and Poverty: Dilemma for Christians, the Methodist Board of Missions has issued a variety of phonograph records, filmstrips, and written materials including the book Keepers of the Poor (paper, \$1) by Dr. J. Edward Carothers, associate general secretary of the board's National Division. All are available from the Board of Missions Service Center, 7820 Reading Road, Cincinnati, Ohio 45237.—EDITORS*

The War on Poverty: A Summary

THE MANY-FACETED war on poverty has nine major programs, variously administered by the Office of Economic Opportunity; the Departments of Labor, Agriculture, and Health, Education, and Welfare; and the Small Business Administration. The following summary is based on mid-September reports.

JOB CORPS: Provides remedial education and job training for unemployed youths, 16 to 21; has 28,736 youths enrolled in 106 centers; financed by \$303,277,417 in obligated funds.

NEIGHBORHOOD YOUTH CORPS: Provides part-time work in hometown public agencies (libraries, parks, hospitals) for youths of low-income families; had 528,296 youths in 1,477 projects during fiscal 1966; 100,711 enrolled in 293 projects so far in fiscal 1967; cost \$263,229,-716 in 1966.

VOLUNTEERS IN SERVICE TO AMERICA (VISTA): Now has 2,311 "domestic Peace Corps" volunteers at work in slums, rural areas, Indian reservations, migrant camps, and 1,077 in training; cost \$15,955,803 in fiscal 1966.

COMMUNITY ACTION PROGRAM: Includes many local projects planned by community agencies; total cost in fiscal 1966: \$652,666,000. Typical programs: *Project Head Start* has enrolled 192,909 children in year-round

and follow-through programs and involved 575,000 youngsters during the summer of 1966. *Foster Grandparents* includes 37 projects costing \$5,750,829. *Project Upward Bound*, giving young people from poor families a boost toward college, has awarded grants to 224 schools to serve 20,418 students. Other programs include 162 *Legal Services* projects, work with migrants and Indians.

WORK EXPERIENCE: Offers job training for unemployed heads of families and welfare recipients; had 84,820 participants in 274 projects at a cost of \$111,400,-000 in fiscal 1966.

COLLEGE WORK-STUDY: Gives part-time employment to needy students; had 107,525 enrolled in fall of 1965, supported by a \$155,000,000 appropriation.

ADULT BASIC EDUCATION: Provides grants to states for adult literacy efforts; 45 state plans approved at cost of \$38,319,063; goal: 105,000 trainees.

RURAL LOANS: Aims at increased earning power for rural needy through low-interest credit and technical assistance; 1966 loans to individuals and co-operatives totaled \$31,972,727.

SMALL BUSINESS DEVELOPMENT: Offers low-interest credit and management aid to firms unable to obtain conventional financing; 1966 loans totaled \$17,251,184.

But if your criterion insists that there be a clearly visible impact on the ghetto and the slum, then the appraisals must be qualified.

We don't yet know how effective present measures will be in the long run. More important, we haven't yet made a national financial commitment large enough to dent the immense problem of the American city.

The federal program is only two years old. The full test of the effectiveness of its many parts cannot be made for years. Job Corps men say: "If we can keep the second generation *out* of the Job Corps, we will have been successful."

Even of Head Start, the most widely praised and accepted program, one cannot be sure. Will the poor child's head start be a lasting gain, or be washed away later by undertows of inertia in the inner-city schools?

There is, in other words, a larger problem than most Americans realize, and there are massive social forces working to make it larger still. Perhaps the criticisms of the war on poverty—that it is really "just a skirmish"—were premature for these first two years, but they may become valid for the future. During this chaotic organizing period, the annual \$1.5 billion may have been about as much money as the poverty agencies, learning how to walk, could use. But when the program is ready to run, the question will be sharply put: Will the dollars required to do the job be made available?

Needed: Broad Support

The most fundamental support American Christianity can give to the attack on poverty is also the most difficult: to alter the climate of public opinion; to supplant a superficial support that easily turns to cynicism and apathy with a deep and steadfast purpose, with more money, and with a more serious commitment.

To recommend this implies that the poverty program deserves such support. I think it does.

It is, of course, a disgrace, an outrage, a stench in the nostrils of God, that the wealthiest nation in the history of the world should allow 35 million of its citizens to live

in degrading poverty—many now for three or more generations.

Presumably no Christian any longer would dismiss the millions of poor in the midst of plenty as being just "lazy," "stupid," or somehow "undeserving." Eighteen million of them are children and young people. Are they to blame for their wretched surroundings? Another 5 million are over 65.

Most argument seeks another level: about the concept and form of the specific governmental programs adopted to combat poverty. Among the many controversies I shall mention two briefly:

1. "Opportunity" or money? Critics say that the poor could be helped more effectively by raising social security benefits and welfare payments, or by instituting a negative income tax that would simply make payments to bring every family up to the \$3,000 level. Defenders of OEO would answer: One can be strongly in favor of revamping our welfare system, of increasing social-security payments, even of a negative income tax system (Shriver himself endorsed this idea last summer) without withdrawing support for the "opportunity" programs of OEO. They do a different job. These OEO programs have taken the great American value of equality of opportunity and turned it at last to the advantage of the poor. What the Job Corps, the Youth Corps, and the Neighborhood Employment Center offer is not a handout but a chance, a new opportunity, some training, and some help to get a job. Mere money-giving programs do not undo the neglect by the schools, do not overcome illiteracy and bad attitudes of the ghetto.

2. Harmony, or conflict and powerseeking? The radical critics of the poverty program, including some clergy, say that the establishment runs the program and that the poor must organize against them and engage in conflict. Mitchell Sviridoff, the antipoverty leader in New York, would answer: Conflict when necessary, yes, but not as a deliberate tactic or a necessity.

The best of the poverty programs have not declared all-out war against the powers-that-be, but rather have used needling, compe-

tion, and tension within a framework of broad community support. With enough funds, we can promote rapid evolutionary social change. It is extremely doubtful that any all-out attack could achieve as much.

Making Poverty Visible

The argument and controversy over the poverty program seem like progress after the doldrums in social thinking and social action of the '50s. At the very least, we now know the poor exist.

The ordinary middle-class American can hardly comprehend the poverty of 35 million of his fellow citizens. He finds it difficult to believe, for example, that 40 percent of the four-year-old children given eye tests by Project Head Start identify the teddy bear on the eye chart as a rat. It is hard for him to realize that thousands of his fellow citizens have not been taught to read, write, add, and subtract. Life is complicated when you cannot fill out an application blank, send a telegram, read a road map, make a long-distance phone call, buy insurance, plan a budget, or prepare a nutritious meal.

This is the shame of our rich society, the source of exasperation and outrage. The poverty program has made us somewhat aware of it.

Those who see some of this being overcome are full of exhilaration and enthusiasm. Listen to an anti-poverty worker in New Mexico:

"... a lady for the first time in 48 years completed a W-2 form without having to depend on someone to read every line to her and tell her what all the words meant. The thrill of this momentous achievement on her part and mine came when she told me, 'I am no longer an X, I am Mrs. Rosa Salas now.'"

"*I am no longer an X.*" Think what that means—not only in employability but also in self-respect and a sense of identity, in the way one is regarded by friends, strangers, one's own children. The poverty program is sometimes said to be salvaging human talent. It is doing that, to the benefit of us all. But it can reach even deeper, to the restoration of the sense of human worth. □

Teens Together

By DALE WHITE

A GIRL in Arizona writes to say how hard it is for a person with a Spanish-sounding name to get a decent chance in her small town. She wonders where she might go to break out of the trap of poverty and discrimination.

A girl from the Midwest writes: "My parents live in a very bad neighborhood and do without most things others take for granted. My father has a bad disease which makes him a semi-invalid, and he is getting progressively worse. I have been poor all my life, and I am so sick of it! After high school I worked a year to earn money and put myself through school.

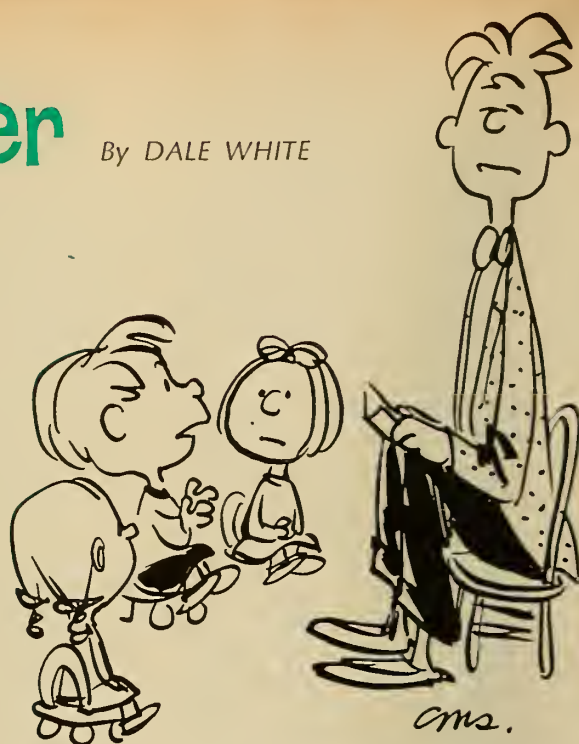
"I want so much to have a good job and live in a nice neighborhood. But who will take care of my parents? Dad will soon have to quit work and Mom will need to take care of him. No matter how much money I earn, it will take all of it to support them. Is there some government agency which can help?"

A girl in New England wrote a year ago to ask whether the Job Corps could help her to escape from poverty. Later she wrote describing her thrill at being chosen for job-training, and the joy of meeting other girls and finding a new confidence. Now she writes: "I have finished my training as of yesterday. Guess what? This coming Monday I start my new job! It is a good job with real nice people. I can hardly wait!"

Have you thought about your place in the war against poverty? Many young people are working as volunteers in Head Start programs. Others are tutoring children who are behind in their studies. Several have written to say they are preparing for service in health and welfare fields. Many are fighting their own personal war against poverty by going back to school and getting ready for the skilled jobs the new technology will bring.

One MYF group had almost 50 young people at work last summer, staffing a day-care center in the inner city, painting and repairing a building to be used for Head Start in Appalachia, and helping out in a community center in a nearby rural slum. (I have a sad memory of another MYF group where, when a young person with worn clothing came in and sat down, those nearby moved.)

"So how can I kneel in front of my bed to say my prayers? I sleep in the upper bunk!"



Cartoon by Charles M. Schulz. © 1960 by Warner Press, Inc.

How thoroughly the rich promise of Christmas entangles with the sad story of poverty. The angel's song came to "certain poor shepherds in fields where they lay." Jesus was born in "lowly manger bed." The story of Good King Wenceslaus and the hungry man, Dickens' *A Christmas Carol*, the little drummer boy—these illustrate the special sensitivity to the poor and the needy to which the birth of Christ calls us.

Today we know that the giving of alms (or Christmas baskets) is no answer to poverty. We know that social justice is the right road to take. Every person has a right to make something of his life through equal educational and vocational opportunities.

We are fortunate in living in a generation which can dream realistically of a time when poverty might be banished from the face of the earth.

But men of goodwill have much work to do to make that dream come true. How will you help?

Qa

I am a college freshman, 18. I have been dating one boy for over two years, but our relationship is growing steadily dull and stagnant. Recently he has been having temper tantrums. He becomes terribly jealous if I talk to other boys, swearing and calling me terrible names. Several times he has physically harmed me. After

these fits he professes his strong love for me and begs my forgiveness. He comes from a wealthy family and has been given everything he wants. I refuse to pamper him as his parents did. On the surface, he is a quiet person, and we have discussed marriage. Is he mentally unbalanced? Is extreme jealousy a proof of love?—M.S.

Extreme jealousy is not a proof of love. It is more likely proof that the jealous person feels very shaky about his ability to love and be loved. The green-eyed monster possesses all of us at times, because we all hate to lose love, and we especially fear the humiliation of being rejected in favor of another. The inner poise and self-assurance which defeats the monster comes only with maturity and spiritual growth.

Your friend has a special problem in this department. I would not go so far as to say he is mentally unbalanced. He is in transition emotionally, and would be a lot more comfortable if he could find a professional counselor to give him an assist. You apparently have the strength to keep yourself from being victimized by his overgrown need to be pampered. That is good. He needs to be surrounded by persons who expect him to be an adult, and yet who offer him a lot of support.

Certainly, the boy is a poor marriage risk until he has worked through his problem. If he threatens any more physical violence, I would strongly advise you not to see him again until

he grows up. Some girls are just masochistic enough that they rather enjoy being beaten up occasionally, and even admire violent men. I would hardly see that as a trait worthy of encouragement.

Qa

I have been going with a boy three years now. He is 16; I am 15. We do neck occasionally, but have never petted. In three years, we have just enjoyed being together. Sometimes we do silly things like making pictures out of the stars in the sky, or just running through fields because we want to run. I like this boy very much, and so do my parents. My problem is that my parents think I should like other boys. Do you think I should break up with a good friend like this?—P.E.

A relationship such as you enjoy is a rare and lovely gift. It is worthy of the disciplines required to sustain it. One such discipline is keeping expressions of affection within reasonable bounds, which you have been able to do.

A second discipline is open and frank communication with your parents, so they can understand the real meaning of your friendship.

A third discipline is cultivating friendships with others. Sometimes a couple will become so enthralled with each other that they neglect the vital social learnings which come from a variety of group activities. They develop a dependency relationship, using each other as a social crutch. Perhaps your parents are worried about this possibility. Reassure them by joining in wholesome group activities and cultivating many friendships with young people of both sexes.

Qa

I will be a junior in high school next year. For the past two years I have been trying to decide what I want my life to be and mean. I want to be a kindergarten, first, or second-grade teacher. I like working with children, and I want very much to train their growing young minds in the way of Christ. Would I be able to do that in a public school? I do not mean to promote any certain denomination, but to teach Christ in small ways. Would you tell me what subjects are required for a teachers' degree?—S.C.

Yours is a noble objective. Good schoolteachers are rather desperately

needed everywhere. While you would not be able to teach Christian doctrine in a public school, your living witness as a Christian can be made known to the children. My own commitment to Christ grows partly from the influence of public-school teachers.

I remember an athletics coach whom I admired very much, who taught our class in church school. A music teacher (upon whom I had a secret crush) directed the local church choir. Others were not ashamed of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and the quality of their personal lives spoke eloquently of the validity of their faith. Your life can make that kind of difference to the children you teach.

Course requirements for teachers vary so much from state to state that it is best to consult your guidance counselor or a favorite teacher. You might also ask about the federal loans available to those who study to teach.

Qa

I am a 13-year-old girl. Ever since fifth grade I have wanted to be a missionary. But now I am puzzled. I just read the article in the June TOGETHER What do they mean, 'God Is Dead'? I also read an article by Billy Graham, God Is Not Dead. I agree with Mr. Graham a lot, but what am I supposed to believe? Is He dead or not?—A.P.

You might be interested in reading a very good book by Alvin U. Rogness, *Youth Asks, Why Bother About God?* (Nelson, \$1.50). Your minister can give you the address of the Cokesbury Book Store where you can order it.

One chapter in the book is entitled "Around Every Corner—God!" It shows the way in which, at the most unsuspecting moments, we meet God. We meet him often as we see love at work in the life of a friend. In a time of deep trouble, or in the hour of triumph or joy, we reach for him, to cling to or to thank.

One sentence in the book is especially meaningful to me: "If you want to escape God, avoid Jesus. If you want to know God, spend time getting acquainted with Jesus."

A girl from California sends her personal witness: "Two days ago someone asked me if I died tomorrow would I be satisfied in the sense of having lived, really lived, a full and rich life. I was amazed that I could honestly and joyfully say, 'Yes!'"

"To me, religion is not a set of doctrines, it is an attitude of openness to eternal things in the midst of life," she continues. "Religion is not a part of life, it is life. I cannot prove

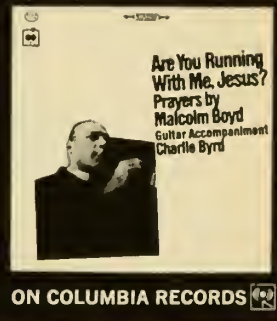
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God lives, but I can honestly say I know him. I know a real honest-to-God God who lives, cares, and who, believe it or not, has a tremendous sense of humor!

"There are many roads to Him—philosophy, science, music, sports, literature—or frustration, sadness, desire. I know God, because at 19 I have already lived a full and beautiful life, and I am confident that whatever my real task in adult life, I will find beauty and meaning."

An official said at the graduation of the girls from the Job Corps center in St. Petersburg, Fla.: "Those who believe God is dead should be here tonight to witness the miracle which has occurred in the lives of these girls." I believe God is at work in this world; our task is to discover what he is doing, that we might join him in it.



I am 15 and like this girl who is also 15. I see her quite often in the school hall. I would like to know her much better so we could be best of friends. Please advise me as soon as possible.—B.Z.

My advice is to spruce up, use two dabs of your favorite hair tonic, walk up to her in the hall with a warm smile and say, "How can I get to know you better?"—or words to that effect. Can you take it from there?



I am a Methodist youth, 17. I desire a church vocation, especially the ministry. But I worry if this is the right choice. I have been unable to find very much information about it. I want to know the duties of various religious vocations and the education required for each. I have received very little help from either my pastor or the guidance counselor at school. Could you please tell me where literature on the subject could be obtained?—S.A.

Write to the Rev. Richard R. Bauer, P.O. Box 871, Nashville, Tenn. 37202. He is the executive secretary of our Interboard Committee on Christian Vocations, and can give you a lot of information.

A new leaflet has been prepared for school guidance counselors. It is called "What Is a Church Vocation?" You may order it from the Department of Ministry, National Council of Churches, 475 Riverside Drive, New York, N.Y. 10027. Your church youth

group might consider buying a number of these at 20¢ each for use by your school guidance counselor. I am sure he would be happy to get them. They are written to guide youth of all denominations.



I am a boy, 16. My girl friend, of the same age, is greatly restricted by her parents. The restrictions, I feel, are not fair to either of us. She cannot ear date; she must go directly home after school; and she can have no more than one phone call per day. It is hard to get a movie date with her, even if her mother drives. It gets very embarrassing when my friends ask where she is. Her parents seem to trust and like me, and I like them. How can I let them know that they no longer have a little girl and that they are not acting like normal parents?—S.F.

I think I can understand your impatience with the restrictions under which your girl friend lives, especially since you enjoy a much broader range of freedom. I doubt very much that pressure from you will help much. I have a hunch it will only raise their defenses.

Parents usually grant freedom to the extent that they have confidence in the situation and in the young people involved. Many parents are a little jittery, and trust comes slowly. Even when they trust their young people, many parents worry about the climate of permissiveness abroad today.

To the extent that both you and your girl can demonstrate your trustworthiness and growing maturity over the coming weeks and months, restrictions will probably be eased. That will take time, but I see no better way.



I am a girl, 18, a college freshman. I have been struggling with two problems, and would like to share some discoveries. The first problem concerns making friends. In high school, I went around like a seared rabbit. I kept my face to the floor and never spoke unless spoken to. Now I know this is a form of selfishness. I was being very selfish because I was unwilling to share myself with others. Everyone has something to offer, and it is our duty as human beings to share what we have. I have found that the best way to make friends is to plant a great big smile on my face

and walk right up and say "Hello" to people. Most people respond with warmth. It is a simple process, but we have to be willing to use it. My second problem is procrastination. I seldom do today what I can put off until tomorrow. That problem is one I am still working on. One thing I have decided is to stop worrying and start doing something about it. Now when I start to drop a job, I say a firm "No!" to myself and keep right on if it kills me. I have to be on guard all the time, but things are improving.—M.Y.

Thanks for letting us in on your personal struggles. I have to confess that your problem of procrastination is one I am still working on. Writing is the worst. You would be surprised to know how long I can take to sharpen a pencil or fill my pen. And what a fiendish sense of relief when I get settled down to write and discover I brought everything along except some paper! Going out to get paper is a perfect reason for not writing.

"Writing is the application of the seat of the pants to the seat of the chair," someone once said. So is doing homework, and a lot of other necessary but unpleasant tasks. Your solution—to "keep right on if it kills me"—is the only one I know.



I am a girl, 16. There is a boy I think a lot of. He is in the service and a very nice boy! Only he is four years older than I. There is another boy who is one year older than I am. They both are O.K., but I can't figure out which one to like. What is your idea on the subject?—K.C.

My idea is that you like both of them. This may seem like heresy to those who think going steady is the only form of boy-girl relationship, but it is possible to feel a deep sense of respect, a strong affection, and even romantic longings for several persons at once. One person might be your "steady letter-writing" boy, while you date another boy, and while you get a lot of enjoyment from working with certain other boys on church or school projects. Sounds like a happy situation, doesn't it?

Tell Dr. Dale White about your problems, your worries, your accomplishments, and he will respond through Teens Together. Write to him c/o TOGETHER, Box 423, Park Ridge, Illinois 60068.—EDITORS



Browsing in Fiction

With GERALD KENNEDY, BISHOP, LOS ANGELES AREA

AN interesting *Browsing* article would be to share with you some of the letters I receive. Many contain comments on books I have recommended. And whether they approve or disapprove my recommendations, they are always worth reading. New insights are offered, or observations are made about things which I missed. Now and then I have a letter from the author of the book reviewed—and some of these are among my most treasured possessions.

The main point, however, is that people who read represent a kind of fellowship. Like any group with a common interest, we like to share ideas and criticisms. I have never been as aware of how reading unites people as I have been since writing each month for *TOGETHER*. Do you suppose that people who watch TV all evening have such an experience when they meet one another? I doubt it.

There is something about taking the time to open a book and spending the energy to read and understand it that has a lasting effect on us. A book's enjoyment is a hundredfold—the first reading is just the beginning. This, of course, presumes that it is a good book and worth reading. The other kind is forgotten about as quickly as last night's TV show.

There are several things which represent investments for the future. Travel is one of them, and I have always thought that a person who spends money for a trip has laid up against the future a rare treasure. Music also is in this category, and I know that reading is. Blessed is that home where there are books and where children are encouraged both by precept and example to be readers.

PLAYER PIANO by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. (*Holt Rinehart Winston*, \$4.95) is a slashing satire of our rush toward automation. Vonnegut, who has a black kind of humor not even approached anywhere else, knows how to mix bitterness and satire.

What happens when one of the country's chief engineers suddenly decides that people are more important than machines? What takes place

when men rebel against a social order established by taking the IQ of every man and putting him in his place?

What kind of life will it be when men are condemned to live on a certain level because the machine says that that is the limit of their ability?

This is the general plan of the book—a black vision of what people are when viewed from the scientific point only. We have also, or at least we should have, a vision of what the Christian gospel means when it regards every man as of ultimate value and proclaims that no person is to be used as a means to an end.

Whither are we tending? The question must haunt the mind of any thinking person, and this book will not bring him much comfort. It will, however, encourage him to take a fresh look at the dignity of personality, to think more seriously about the values for which the church stands. It may shock the author to know that he has inspired at least one Methodist preacher with a new sense of the importance of his job.

Two "hot spots" in the world today are South Africa and Israel. Dan Jacobson's book **THE BEGINNERS** (*Macmillan*, \$6.95) combines these two situations in the story of a Jewish family in Johannesburg. It begins with Avrom Glickman coming to Cape Town from Lithuania early in this century and then going back for his wife.

This is the beginning of the family. The sons become wealthy in South Africa and the grandsons face the problems of intelligent and well-educated young Jews confronting the conflicts of race and destiny. One young man turns to the faith of his fathers and becomes religious; another takes two years off to help build a kibbutz in Israel. The book tries to point out a pattern of meaning for these people who are exiles as were their fathers.

I have been in both of these centers of conflict and that may explain my special interest in what Jacobson has to say about the situation. In a larger sense, however, the Glickmans represent modern man who seems to be exiled from his home and uncer-

tain which his direction ought to be. These young people have real problems and real issues.

If there is a weakness, it may be that the novel tends to be extremely broad and not always very deep. But the essential human situation is there as well as the issues which most men have to face in one form or another.

The third book I shall mention is **SHADOW OF MY BROTHER** by Davis Grubb (*Holt Rinehart Winston*, \$5.95). Some of us will remember Grubb's *Night of the Hunter* and it was on the basis of that book that I decided to read this one.

Shadow of My Brother deals with another burning issue: race. In a Southern town, a girl and her boyfriend see her father kill a Negro boy. They agree to forget it, but the boy is haunted by the murder and confesses to a prostitute. This is the end of him and he is finally killed.

At the end, the girl, who has fled from the town to her grandparents, decides she must be a witness against her own father. The grandfather has a more open attitude toward race. His son, the villain, is an extremist and a thorough disgrace to decent society.

Davis Grubb knows how to tell a story, although at places the story drags out endlessly and the conversations seem padded and overdramatic. But this is a controversial novel. Even those who believe he has a point will find it painful.

Many have grown sick and tired of the theme. However, we must not grow sick and tired of it, nor must we think it belongs to one section of the country alone. It belongs to all of us. It is a sickness of our generation; we must find healing for or die of it. These shadows of our brethren fall across all of us and there is no escape. Our Lord's command to pluck out an eye, if necessary, is a relevant word for us just now.

I am afraid the going has been pretty rough this time and perhaps we can sweeten the medicine next month. This is the prophet's turn which oftentimes heals us even when it does not comfort us. □



Blaise Pascal:

Thoughts About

Pascal used chance moments to write down his ideas about Christian religion on scraps of paper before the thoughts could slip away. After his death, a nephew got a secretary to copy the fragments. These were published in a volume entitled *Pensees*, from which these selections are taken.

—YOUR EDITORS

True Religion

God, who disposes all things kindly, puts religion into the mind by reason, and into the heart by grace. But to will to put it into the mind and heart by force and threats is not to put religion there, but terror.

Men despise religion; they hate it, and fear it is true. To remedy this, we must begin by showing that religion is not contrary to reason, that it is venerable to inspire respect for it. Then we must make it lovable, to make good men hope it is true. Finally, we must prove it is true.

There are only three kinds of persons: those who serve God, having found him; others who are occupied in seeking him, not having found him; while the remainder live without seeking him and without having found him. The first are reasonable and happy, the last are foolish and unhappy; those between are unhappy and reasonable.

The metaphysical proofs of God are so remote from the reasoning of men, and so complicated, that they make little impression; and if they should be of service to some, it would be only during the moment that they see such demonstration. But an hour afterward they fear they have been mistaken.

The knowledge of God is very far from the love of him.

Two Christian Truths

Men blaspheme what they do not know. The Christian religion consists in two points. It is of equal concern to men to know them, and it is equally dangerous

to be ignorant of them. And it is equally of God's mercy that he has given indications of both.

The Christian religion, then, teaches men these two truths: that there is a God whom men can know, and that there is a corruption in their nature which renders them unworthy of him. It is equally important to men to know both these points. And it is equally dangerous for man to know God without knowing his own wretchedness, and to know his own wretchedness without knowing the Redeemer who can free him from it. The knowledge of only one of these points gives rise either to the pride of philosophers, who have known God and not their own wretchedness, or to the despair of atheists, who know their own wretchedness but not the Redeemer.

And, as it is alike necessary to man to know these two points, so is it alike merciful of God to have made us know them.

Let us examine the order of the world and see if all things do not tend to establish these two chief points of this religion: Jesus Christ is the end of all, and the center to which all tends. Whoever knows him knows the reason of everything.

The God of Christmas

The God of Christmas is not a God who is simply the author of mathematical truths, or of the order of the elements. That is the view of heathens and Epicureans. He is not merely a God who exercises his providence over the life and fortunes of men, to bestow on those who worship him a long and happy life. That was the portion of the Jews.

But the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, the God of Jacob, the God of Christians is a God of love and of comfort, a God who fills the soul and heart of those whom he possesses, a God who makes them conscious of their inward wretchedness, and his infinite mercy, who unites himself to their inmost soul, who fills it with humility and joy, with confidence and love, who

Excerpted from *Thoughts: An Apology for Christianity* by Blaise Pascal, edited by Thomas S. Kepler, © 1955 by World Publishing Company (\$1.75). Used by permission of the publisher.—EDITORS

Life, Man, and God

renders them incapable of any other end than himself.

All who seek God without Jesus Christ, and who rest in nature, either find no light to satisfy them or come to form for themselves a means of knowing God and serving him without a mediator. Thereby, they fall either into atheism or into deism, two things which the Christian religion abhors almost equally.

Without Jesus Christ, the world would not exist; for it should needs be either destroyed or be a hell.

If the world existed to instruct man of God, His divinity would shine through every part in it in an indisputable manner. But as it exists only by Jesus Christ, and for Jesus Christ, and to teach men both their corruption and their redemption, all displays the proofs of these two truths.

Know Yourself

Two things instruct man about his whole nature: instinct and experience. People are generally better persuaded by the reasons which they have themselves discovered than by those which have come into the mind of others.

One must know oneself. If this does not serve to discover truth, it at least serves as a rule of life, and there is nothing better.

If men knew themselves, God would heal and pardon them: "Lest they should be converted, and I should heal them. And their sins should be forgiven."

We know ourselves so little that many think they are about to die when they are well; and many think they are well when they are near death, unconscious of approaching fever, or of the abscess ready to form itself.

Man's Disproportion

What is man in nature? A Nothing in comparison with the Infinite, an All in comparison with the Nothing, a mean between Nothing and Everything. Since he is infinitely removed from comprehending the ex-



Perhaps Blaise Pascal became famous in his own time because he got an early start. As a 12-year-old prodigy, he proved mathematical theorems. At 16, he wrote treatises anticipating modern geometry. At 19, he invented a calculating machine to aid his father in his work as a minister of finance in the French government. As a mathematician and physicist, Pascal was honored by scientists in 1962, on the 300th anniversary of his death. But it is his *Pensees* (Thoughts) that ranks among the world's constant best sellers. A painful hip injury suffered by the elder Pascal turned Blaise, at 23, to the Bible. Later he had a heartwarming experience very much like John Wesley's at Aldersgate. Pascal was a Roman Catholic, but he lived close to the spirit of Protestantism. While he loved truth and reason, he believed the heart has its own approach to God that reason cannot understand—a good word for the 20th-century doctrine that man is merely an animal with a mind.

tremes, the end of things and their beginning are hopelessly hidden from him in an impenetrable secret. He is equally incapable of seeing the Nothing from which he was made, and the Infinite in which he is swallowed up.

Men Have Callings

"Ah! How well this turned! Here is a clever workman! How brave is this soldier!" This is the source of our inclinations, and of the choice of conditions. "How much this man drinks! How little that one!" This makes people sober or drunk, soldiers, cowards and so forth.

The most important affair in life is the choice of a calling; chance decides it. Custom makes men masons, soldiers, slaters. "He is a good slater," says one, and, speaking of soldiers, remarks, "They are perfect fools." But others affirm, "There is nothing great but war, the rest of men are good for nothing." We choose our callings according as we hear this or that praised or despised in our childhood, for we naturally love truth and hate folly. These words move us; the only error is in their application.

So great is the force of custom that out of those whom nature has only made men, are created all conditions of men. For some districts are full of masons, others of soldiers. Certainly nature is not so uniform. It is custom then which does this, for it constrains nature. But sometimes nature gains the ascendancy, and preserves man's instinct, in spite of all custom, good or bad.

The World Makes One Weary

Nothing is so insufferable to man as to be completely at rest, without passions, without business, without diversion, without study. He then feels his nothingness, his forlornness, his insufficiency, his dependency, his weakness, his emptiness. There will immediately arise from the depth of his heart weariness, gloom, sadness, fretfulness, vexation, despair.

Our nature consists in motion; complete rest is death.

Thought Makes Man Great

Man is but a reed, the most feeble thing in nature; but he is a thinking reed. The entire universe need not arm itself to crush him. A vapor, a drop of water suffices to kill him. But, if the universe were to crush him, man would still be more noble than that which killed him, because he knows that he dies and the advantage which the universe has over him; the universe knows nothing of this.

All our dignity consists, then, in thought. By it we must elevate ourselves, and not by space and time which we cannot fill. Let us endeavor, then, to think well; this is the principle of morality.

Faith Is Feeling

We must not misunderstand ourselves; we are as much automatic as intellectual; and hence it comes that the instrument by which conviction is attained

is not demonstrated alone. How few things are demonstrated! Proofs only convince the mind. Custom is the source of our strongest and most believed proofs. It bends the automaton, which persuades the mind without its thinking about the matter.

Who has demonstrated that there will be a tomorrow, and that we shall die? And what is more believed? It is, then, custom which persuades us of it. It is custom that makes so many men Christians; custom that makes them Turks, heathens, artisans, soldiers, etc. (Faith in Baptism is more received among Christians than among Turks.)

Finally, we must have recourse to it when once the mind has seen where the truth is, in order to quench our thirst, and steep ourselves in that belief, which escapes us at every hour; for always to have proofs ready is too much trouble. We must get an easier belief, which is that of custom, which, without violence, without art, without argument, makes us believe things, and inclines all our powers to this belief, so that our soul falls naturally into it.

It is not enough to believe only by force of conviction, when the automaton is inclined to believe the contrary. Both our parts must be made to believe, the mind by reasons which it is sufficient to have seen once in a lifetime, and the automaton by custom, and by not allowing it to incline to the contrary. "Incline my heart, O God."

The reason acts slowly, with so many examinations, and on so many principles, which must be always present, that at every hour it falls asleep, or wanders, through want of having all its principles present. Feeling does not act thus; it acts in a moment, and is always ready to act. We must then put our faith in feeling; otherwise, it will be always vacillating.

God Has Hidden Himself

If there were only one religion, God would, indeed, be manifest. The same would be the case, if there were no martyrs but in our religion.

God being thus hidden, every religion which does not affirm that God is hidden is not true. And every religion which does not give the reason of it is not instructive. Our religion does all this: "Truly, thou art a God who hides thyself."

If there were no obscurity, man would not be sensible of his corruption; if there were no light, man would not hope for a remedy. Thus, it is not only fair but advantageous to us that God be partly hidden and partly revealed; since it is equally dangerous to man to know God without knowing his own wretchedness, and to know his own wretchedness without knowing God.

The Attempt to Understand God

The greatness and the wretchedness of man are so evident that the true religion must necessarily teach us both that there is in man some great source of greatness, and a great source of wretchedness. It must then give us a reason for these astonishing contradictions.

In order to make man happy, it must prove to him

that there is a God, that we ought to love him, that our true happiness is to be in him, and our sole evil to be separated from him. It must recognize that we are full of darkness which hinders us from knowing and loving him; and that thus, as our duties compel us to love God, and our lusts turn us away from him, we are full of unrighteousness. It must give us an explanation of our opposition to God and to our own good. It must teach us the remedies for these infirmities, and the means of obtaining these remedies.

Man Without Faith

All men seek happiness. This is without exception. Whatever different means they employ, they all tend to this end. The cause of some going to war, and of others avoiding it, is the same desire in both, attended with different views. The will never takes the least step but to this object. This is the motive of every action of every man, even of those who hang themselves.

And since man has lost the true good, everything can appear equally good to him, even his own destruction, though so opposed to God, to reason, and to the whole course of nature.

Some seek good in authority, others in scientific research, others in pleasure. Others, who are in fact nearer the truth, have considered it necessary that the universal good, which all men desire, should not consist in any of the particular things which can only be possessed by one man, and which, when shared, afflict their possessors more by the want of the part he has not than they please him by the possession of what he has. They have learned that the true good should be such as all can possess at once, without diminution, and without envy, and which no one can lose against his will.

A fine thing to cry to a man who does not know himself, that he should come of himself to God! And a fine thing to say so to a man who does know himself!

Order by Dialogue

I see many contradictory religions, and consequently all false save one. Each wants to be believed on its own authority, and threatens unbelievers. I do not, therefore, believe them. Everyone can say this; everyone can call himself a prophet. But I see that Christian religion wherein prophecies are fulfilled; and that is what everyone cannot do.

Sunspots

There are some that see clearly that man has no other enemy than lust, which turns him from God, and not [to] God; and that he has no other good than God, and not a rich land. Let those who believe that the good of man is in the flesh, and evil in what turns him away from sensual pleasures, [satisfy] themselves with them, and [die] in them.

But let those who seek God with all their heart, who are only troubled at not seeing him, whose only desire is to possess him, who grieve to find themselves surrounded and enslaved by such enemies—let them,

I say, take heart; I give them good news. They have a Redeemer, I shall show to them. I shall declare there is a God for them. I shall not show that a Messiah has been promised to free them from their foes; [but] that one has come to free them—not from their earthly foes but from their sins.

The Greatness of Religion

We know God only by Jesus Christ. Without this mediator all communion with God is taken away; through Jesus Christ we know God. All those who have claimed to know God, and to prove him without Jesus Christ, have had only weak proofs. But in proof of Jesus Christ we have the prophecies, which are solid and palpable proofs. And these prophecies, being accomplished and proved true by the event, mark the certainty of these truths and, therefore, the divinity of Christ.

In him, then, and through him, we know God. Apart from him, and without the Scripture, without original sin, without a necessary mediator promised and come, we cannot absolutely prove God, nor teach right doctrine and right morality. But through Jesus Christ, and in Jesus Christ, we prove God, and teach morality and doctrine. Jesus Christ is then the true God of men.

But we know at the same time our wretchedness; for this God is none other than the Savior of our wretchedness. So we can only know God well by knowing our iniquities. Therefore, those who have known God, without knowing their wretchedness, have not glorified him but have glorified themselves.

The Meaning of Jesus Christ

Jesus Christ is a God whom we approach without pride, and before whom we humble ourselves without despair.

Not only do we know God by Jesus Christ alone, but we know ourselves only by Jesus Christ. We know life and death only through Jesus Christ. Apart from Jesus Christ, we do not know what is our life, nor our death, nor God, nor ourselves.

Thus without the Scripture, which has Jesus Christ alone for its object, we know nothing, and see only darkness and confusion in the nature of God, and in our own nature.

The Heart Has Its Reasons

The heart has its reasons, which reason does not know. We feel it in a thousand things. I say the heart naturally loves the Universal Being, and also itself naturally, according as it gives itself to them; and it hardens itself against one or the other at its will. You have rejected the one, and kept the other. Is it by reason that you love yourself?

It is the heart which experiences God, and not the reason. This then, is faith: God felt by the heart, not by the reason.

Faith is a gift of God; do not believe that we said it was a gift of reasoning. Other religions do not say this of their faith. They only give reasoning in order to arrive at it, and yet it does not bring them to it. □

Looks at NEW Books

A REMARKABLE book, *In Due Season* (Augsburg, \$3.95), is the result of an ecumenical and artistic partnership. It blends nature photography by Benedictine Sister Noemi with poetry by Lutheran pastor Herbert F. Brokering to recall facts and meaning in the life of Christ.

Sister Noemi is a sensitive photographer. Pastor Brokering is a powerful poet, and this book, their second, is a small masterpiece.

In Mexico, *Posadas* pageants, enacted from the 16th to the 24th of December, symbolize Mary and Joseph's struggle to find shelter for the night. The ritual has a solemn religious meaning, but the participants,

often the whole neighborhood, enter into it with great merriment.

Two people head the procession, carrying small images of Mary and Joseph. Others bear lighted candles. The group moves from house to house, singing the traditional songs of the *Posadas*—musical conversations between Joseph and innkeepers who refuse shelter.

When the procession reaches the last house, and Mary and Joseph finally are not turned away, the candles are placed around a Nativity scene. Then, the ritual over, the group turns to the breaking of the piñata. This is a clay pot or gaily fashioned papier-mâché holder suspended from the ceiling. The object of the game is

to blindfold a player who must then break the piñata with a broomstick. When it breaks, a cascade of small gifts showers from it.

Virginia Brock tells all about these customs in *Pinatas* (Abingdon, \$3), and gives directions for making the papier-mâché variety.

Paintings and woodcuts from the Metropolitan Museum of Art illuminate passages from Matthew and Luke in *The Christmas Story* (New York Graphic Society, \$3.75), edited by Marguerite Northrup. The result is a slim, beautiful book combining the poetry of the King James Version of the Gospels with the work of famous and unknown artists.

Away in a Manger (Harcourt, Brace & World, \$4.25) is a fanciful telling of the story of the Nativity that blends history with fantasy. It is a version that Mares Nussbaumer has told her young son. Her husband, Paul Nussbaumer, has used their native Switzerland as the setting for his paintings of the Holy Family, the shepherds, the three kings, and the children who trudge through a snowy forest on Christmas morning to welcome the Christ child.

The remarkable strength and simplicity of the text and art in *Jesus Is Born* (Macmillan, 59¢) make this an outstanding version of the Christmas story. And this child-sized book with its sturdy paper cover has an additional strength. Its last page reminds parents and teachers of the theological meanings in the Christmas event. J. M. Warbler and Harold Winstone are the authors, and the bold modern drawings are the work of A. M. Cocagnac.

This is one of a series of Dove Books, all in the same format and all 59¢. They do a sensitive job of telling stories of the Bible for young children.

Tall, dynamic Virginia Law, author of *Appointment Congo* (Rand McNally, \$3.95), paid a visit to TOGETHER's offices recently and told us about the span of 14 years during which she and her husband were lay missionaries in the Congo. Their work there ended in 1964 when Burleigh Law was shot by a rebel soldier. He had landed the mission plane to try to help fellow missionaries who were being held prisoner—landing in spite of their warnings from the ground that it was not safe.

Mrs. Law's book is about those 14 years, a buoyant memoir of the joy of mission service. She wrote it, she said, so their children—two sons and a daughter—would have a record of their childhood in the Congo and a clearer picture of the kind of man

"Hear ye. Hear ye.
There is a new season
on the earth. There
is a new time.
Sounding the birth
of Christ were hosts
of angels. They
circled the minute
event with the light
and softness and glory
of tender ferns
in early spring."
(From *In Due Season*)



their father was. Also, she added, writing it was therapy for her.

Burleigh Law originally wanted to be a minister—but he hated preparing sermons. He was, however, a man who could build or repair anything—the mission hospital at Wembo Nyama is a monument to his skill—and the Laws were called to the Congo as lay missionaries, he for mechanical work and teaching industrial arts, she for general educational work.

In her book and in talking with us, Mrs. Law remembered a conversation she and her husband had when tribal fighting had broken out and political tensions were at a peak. Sunday vesper services at the mission had included the playing of a tape recording from a youth group at home. It closed with the remark: "Who knows but that God might honor you with a call to be a missionary? He might even honor you by letting you die a missionary martyr."

Virginia Law remarked to her husband that the idea of being a missionary martyr sounded noble. "But it's living this routine of strain and stress that's getting me down."

He patted her arm. "Well, you can't die a martyr for some cause unless you have lived for it," he said.

Live for it he did, always sensitive to the guidance of God. Mrs. Law continues in that faith, and two of their children—the boys—are preparing themselves to return to the Congo, one as a physician, the other as an engineer. She hopes to go back, herself, but her time is tied up for a long while. Groups everywhere want to hear her speak.

William Stringfellow has the prophetic ability to reveal the truth in its

bare bones. Thus, *Dissenter in a Great Society* (Holt Rinehart Winston, \$4.95), his fifth book, gives us a sharper view of America in crisis than we really want to have.

Reflecting on the war on poverty, politics, economics, strife between the races, Stringfellow is weighed down by the premonition that this nation is engaged in suicide, and that its self-destruction is being pursued in the name of supposedly admirable purposes.

He writes as a citizen of two worlds, the "white establishment" into which he was born and from which he received his education, and the world of the poor and disadvantaged, which he entered by practicing law in New York City's East Harlem ghetto, and with which, as a Christian, he is radically and incontrovertibly involved.

Stanley S. Jacobs' concern over the control of firearms [page 29] is shared by a New York City public-relations man, Carl Bakal, who has authored the first book ever aimed solely at the subject. *The Right to Bear Arms* (McGraw-Hill, \$5.95) is an angry book, and its oversimplifications may alienate some of the people it should convince. This would be unfortunate, because gun laws in the United States are totally inadequate.

Many of us are increasingly concerned about something else: Are we alone in the universe? And as we reach out into space, we tend to forget we have plenty of company right here on earth.

We must not become so self-centered, or so space-centered, that we forget the importance of understanding and preserving other forms of life

EARLY DECEMBER

By Bernard S. Via, Jr.

There seems no poetry left;
The leaves have gone
And the special smell of autumn
Has disappeared with the last glow
Of dying embers by the curb.
No snow yet graces the view beyond
The window now weather-stripped and shut.
All in all it is winter without its benefits
Until the multitude of attitudes
That make Christmas Christmas begin to swell
To crack the crust of all things frozen—

We are cold shepherds
And the heavens break open with their hosts.

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JAMES BOND'S WORLD OF VALUES

by Lycurgus M. Starkey, Jr.

Does James Bond reflect the moral climate of our time? Looking at the sex, sadism, status, leisure time activity, and narrow nationalism portrayed in the James Bond books, Dr. Starkey sees them as true reflections of widely held moral attitudes. He carefully isolates each Bond value and shows the distortion of life which it holds . . . then points to the biblical view of man, with his responsibility to God and his fellow man. 96 pages.

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Because of an earthquake, Jesse Lee Home has six new buildings.

A New Home for Alaskan Children

JESSE LEE Home, one of Methodism's oldest child-care institutions, has begun a new era of service to Alaskan children. Moved early this year from earthquake-battered quarters in Seward, the home was rededicated in September on a wooded, 25-acre tract in foothills of the Chugach Mountains southeast of Anchorage.

Seward was one of the areas hardest hit by the Good Friday earthquake of 1964. When the tremors stopped, an official said of the obsolete Jesse Lee buildings:

"You could stand in the attic and look down into the girls dormitory. Daylight came through the walls of the reception office . . ."

The damage was beyond repair, and the home's children could be housed only temporarily in two patched-up buildings.

To help Alaskan Methodists rebuild, a special appeal was made across the church, and more than \$1.6 million was given in the largest single offering ever made by Methodists. Jesse Lee Home received \$700,000.

Selection of the new site, about seven miles outside Anchorage, offered the opportunity for Jesse Lee to be modernized. Four new cottages, each housing 10 children and houseparents, have replaced the outmoded dormitories in Seward.

Each cottage has its own living room, kitchen, dining area, two single and four double bedrooms, and a private apartment for houseparents. Housemothers prepare breakfast and lunch for their chil-

dren, while the evening meal is cooked in a central kitchen then served in the cottages.

Cost of the new site and buildings was about \$1 million. Besides the four cottages, the home also has an administration building and director's residence. Recreational facilities—an ice-skating rink, warm-up hut, and ski hill—were built last summer by a work team of 31 teen-agers from Jackson, Mich., and South Bend, Ind., who paid their own expenses for the trip.

In most cases, says Director Richard Gilbert, the home aims at short-term care. "We want to prepare each child so that he will be ready for adoption or placement in a good, secure foster home," he explains. Being near Anchorage, Jesse Lee children now have access to better education, medical, and social services than were available in Seward.

The move from Seward marked the second time in 76 years that the home had been relocated. It was founded on the bleak Aleutian island of Unalaska by Agnes Soule Newhall in 1890, named for the famed New England minister-missionary. It had been in Seward since 1925.

A project of the National Division of the Methodist Board of Missions, Jesse Lee Home receives support from the Woman's Society of Christian Service and the Wesleyan Service Guild. Home officials also work with the Alaska Division of Public Welfare.

—ERNESTINE C. COFIELD

around us. That, incidentally, is the title of a book—*Life Around Us* (Crowell, \$6.95). In it Fritz-Martin Engel, a German zoologist, emphasizes the interdependence of everything that grows, blossoms, runs, crawls, digs, burrows—or drives an automobile.

Engrossing and well illustrated, this is a good groundbreaker for young people who are planning to take up biology, geology, or paleontology in high school or college. For the rest of us, it is a refreshing new look at life close to home—that is, the author points out, 15 feet below to 15 feet above the earth's surface.

I remember very well what a hard time I had reconciling what I read in the Bible with what science said about creation. Not all young people have that problem now, but those who do will find a thoughtful discussion in *In the Beginning* (Abingdon, \$2.50). Roger Pilkington, once a research scientist at Cambridge, points out the essential harmony between the Genesis story and what today's scientists tell us.

One of those rare travel books that lift you out of yourself has been taking me to peaceful parts of southeast Asia and the ancient land of Lebanon. *Journey Around Myself* (Clarkson N. Potter, \$6) is the work of a New York City psychiatrist, Dr. Felix Marti-Ibanez, whose eye for beauty is so sensitive and his talent for telling about it so eloquent that for the first few chapters I thought he could see only the exquisite.

Dr. Marti-Ibáñez, however, has a penetrating eye for people and a clear view of history, and he expresses both with a physician's matter-of-factness and understatement. Thus, his impressions and tales of his journeys to Japan and on to Hong Kong, Macao, Bangkok, Angkor, and Lebanon open windows for the mind as well as the soul.

Equally with the Japanese garden which the author likens to "a samisen, a harp playing a song to itself," this book is a treasure.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe thoroughly deserved the designation "universal genius." The greatest of German poets was, also, a dramatist, a novelist, an editor, a theater director, an artist, a statesman, a political economist, a geologist, a botanist, a physiologist, and a physicist. With Friedrich Schiller, he created the higher German culture.

Known for romantic affairs and flirtations, deep down he actually was afraid of women, particularly beautiful women. The woman he finally took as his mistress, and later his wife,

was homely and practically illiterate. Yet, he evidently was happy with her. *Goethe: His Life and Times* (World, \$8.50), by Richard Friedenthal, is not quite a flesh-and-blood biography, and it does not measure up to Thomas Mann's work in German. But it is the first full-scale biography of the sage of Weimar written in English in 100 years, and thus deserves attention.

A burly teacher without formal psychiatric training has returned more than 1,000 mentally disturbed youngsters to society. These were not just mildly neurotic children, they were so severely disturbed that other psychiatric centers, private psychiatrists, and hospitals had considered them "beyond cure."

The teacher is Adelio Giuseppe Ambruno Pasquale Antonio Montanari—called "Monty" by the children in his school and treatment center. Science writer Arthur Henley tells his story, and the children's, in *Demon in My View* (Trident Press, \$4.95). It is the story of the miracle that can be wrought by love, determination, and a true genius for teaching. It is totally engrossing, but do not read it if you are not prepared to look squarely into the face of ugliness. Monty refuses to let his children be considered "products of hell," but their actions often seem to be inspired by demons.

Only the eyes of love can see them as Monty does: "They're just sick little kids who need help because somebody let them down or because something they were born with made them different from other kids, or maybe because they had a sickness that damaged their brain power. So they're frustrated, mixed up, and act out their hates and fears. They're hard to handle, and hard to teach, but somebody's got to try." For his kids, he is that somebody.

When Mrs. Kemper Campbell's son Joe called her across the continent to tell her he was engaged, she asked him: "Is it anyone you know?" And now her newest book has a title that seems similarly askew: *Whom God Hath Joined Asunder . . .* (Simon and Schuster, \$3).

But salty Mrs. Campbell always means exactly what she says, and her turnabout comments never fail to convey what she is thinking. *Whom God Hath Joined Asunder . . .* is a collection of her wry recollections about love, marriage, and divorce. They are peopled with the famous and the unknown, the happy and the sad, the wise and the foolish, the successes and the abysmal failures Mrs. Campbell has known through a generous plenitude of years as a lawyer, assistant district attorney, wife, and



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Bishop Nall Answers Questions About

Your Faith and Your Church

How far do you trust your enemy? A student of theology at Epworth Seminary, in Salisbury, Rhodesia, asked it, and he was seeking the answer of Christian ethics to a problem that is very real in a land where 250,000 Europeans rule 4,000,000 Africans.

The Christian teaching about forgiveness is that we learn to separate the offender from his offense against us, and love him. This does not mean that we join him, or give in to him. We continue to abhor the evil that he does, and we patiently and prayerfully persist in our efforts to win him. We ask God to help us make over an enemy into a friend.

Obviously, this is not a test of our human nature, with all its admitted frailties, but a test of God's power.

What is 'discipline' in Methodist usage? The first meaning is the little blue book of *Discipline* (really titled *Doctrines and Discipline of The Methodist Church*) which sets standards for our lives as Methodists. Here are the rules for both our "spiritual" and "temporal" economy—that is, both prayer and pensions.

There is, however, another and wider use of the word "discipline." Personal devotions constitute one discipline and common worship another. Discipline is not regimentation but orderliness. Did not Paul advise the Corinthians (1 Corinthians 14:40), "All things should be done decently and in order"?

Is there a date for the birth of Jesus? No; but the Bible offers some hints. "In the days of Herod the king" (Matthew 2:1) suggests that Jesus the Christ was born before 4 B.C., because Herod the Great was made king of the Jews in 39 B.C. by the Roman senate and died 35 years later.

The famed star gives another clue. There was a close conjunction of Jupiter and Saturn in 7 B.C., and what was later known as Halley's Comet passed over the perihelion (point nearest the sun) on October 8, 12 B.C. Of course, this may or may not have been the star of Bethlehem which the Wise Men of the East followed.

"The best Methodists, whether clergy or laity, are usually the best questioners," says Bishop Nall, once editor of the *CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE* and now episcopal leader of the Minnesota Area. "I was confident of it as an editor, and even more convinced of it now as an administrator."

mother. She views them all through shrewd, compassionate eyes, never missing the humor of the situation, always putting things into perspective. Thus, the true stories she tells lighten the heart and sharpen the understanding.

Mrs. Campbell got to know her daughter-in-law, by the way. In fact, she dedicated this book to her.

The renewal movement stems from a few major theologians: Karl Barth, Rudolf Bultmann, Paul Tillich, Reinhold Niebuhr, and Dietrich Bonhoeffer.

Alvin C. Porteous gives us a short course on them in *Prophetic Voices in Contemporary Theology* (Abingdon, \$4). It is particularly interesting to note that Bonhoeffer did not give up on the church in his insistence on a "religionless Christianity." He urged the church to get into the world and exist for humanity, even if this meant a radical reshaping of its form and traditional thinking.

Dr. Porteous, a theology professor at Central Baptist Theological Seminary, is himself heavily involved in community activities in Kansas City, the part of the world in which he lives.

A young man aged 10 recently informed his mother he didn't want to go out and play with the children—grown people were funnier. Cartoonist Whitney Darrow, Jr., would probably share this view, although he thinks the small fry are pretty funny, too.

Give Up? (Simon and Schuster, \$4.95) is his effervescent view of adults and youngsters in their encounters with the abundant life. It is good fun.

Nicky's Sister (Knopf, \$3.25) is the story of an only child whose mother came home with a baby sister. He would have preferred a brother, or even a hamster. But when he had to defend the baby sister against the biggest bully on the block, he realized he loved her and wanted to protect her.

Barbara Brenner wrote this story about childhood jealousy for youngsters who have just begun to read for themselves.

The youngster who finds himself gripping the steering wheel high in the cab of one of *The Trucks That Haul by Night* (Crowell, \$3.50) is in for a memorable ride. Author Leonard A. Stevens catches the hypnotic rhythm of deep-throated, powerful engines, and the singing of the heavy tires of the giant trucks that move the nation's goods while we sleep. John Kaufmann's illustrations add drama to this excellent book for boys and girls.

—BARNABAS



Children have no place to play in Bangkok's slums, but UNICEF is helping the government redevelop slum areas.

UNICEF:

Making Tomorrow Better Than Today

By LILLIAN and OSCAR SCHISGALL

SHORTLY before the Christmas season of 1949, a seven-year-old Czechoslovakian girl named Jitka Samkova drew a naïve little sketch of children dancing around a may-pole.

Jitka was in a school to which UNICEF—the United Nations Children's Fund—was sending free milk, and her teacher knew that UNICEF was collecting children's drawings for possible posters. So she sent Jitka's sketch to UN headquarters in New York.

There Mrs. Nora Edmunds had the happy thought of reproducing it as a Christmas card which UNICEF could sell to raise funds

for needy children. Eventually some 80,000 cards were sold.

Out of this simple beginning has grown, over a 15-year period, a campaign that now sells almost 48 million UNICEF greeting cards a year, in more than 100 countries. They bear reproductions of paintings contributed without charge by some of the most eminent artists this century has produced: Matisse, Chagall, Picasso, Dufy, Miró, Dali, and scores of other artists who have responded to the UNICEF request.

The Christmas card idea—just one of several money-raising techniques—is a typical example of UNICEF's humanitarian spontane-

ity. If you are one of some 5 million people to buy a box of 10 such cards for \$1.25 this Christmas, you can mail them with the knowledge that your individual purchase has provided enough money to pay for the antibiotics that will cure five children of trachoma; or enough to ship a full week's supply of milk to 55 youngsters who need the milk desperately.

So it is fair to say that a more beneficent Christmas gift has seldom been devised. Not only do they convey the altruistic spirit of Christmas, they also symbolize the humanitarian efforts UNICEF is exerting for half a billion needy



Selling Christmas cards like these is just one of several ways money is raised for UNICEF.

children living on six continents.

Twenty years have passed since the General Assembly of the United Nations created UNICEF as an emergency organization. Originally it was meant only to feed and clothe war-ravaged children, mostly European, who had been left destitute after World War II. Its director from 1946 to 1965 was the late Maurice Pate, who, during and after both World Wars, worked with Herbert Hoover to bring relief to prisoners of war and to victims of war. Pate did his job so well that by 1950 many people felt that UNICEF had fulfilled its purpose and was no longer needed. Several nations, including the United States, moved to end the work.

But others indignantly protested. "We cannot believe," one African delegate told the General Assembly, "that God loves children of other countries more than African children." He pleaded for UNICEF's continuation. He pointed to millions of African babies who were dying for want of nourishment and attention. UNICEF's life was extended, its work financed by all the member governments of the UN.

New pleas for UNICEF's help began to pour in from all over the world. In the lowlands of Mexico, there were more than 2.5 million cases of malaria; 10,000 children were dying of the disease every year. To help stamp out the disease, UNICEF provided \$10 million worth of DDT for spraying, as well as all necessary equipment. The only proviso was that Mexico itself supply the money for internal op-

erational expenses. This has amounted to \$50 million to date. Today, malaria has been all but wiped out in Mexico—as it has in many countries to which UNICEF has carried its antimalaria campaign, always working in collaboration with the World Health Organization.

The same can be said about yaws. Like leprosy, it destroys the flesh of the hands and feet, reducing human beings to crawling animals when their afflicted legs can no longer support them. Yet this disease, widely prevalent in the East and in Africa for many centuries, can be cured in 10 to 15 days by a single injection of penicillin! So far, with UNICEF assistance, more than 41 million people in 35 countries have been successfully treated for yaws.

ONE OF the remarkable things about this hard-driving UN agency is that it has accomplished its miracles with an international staff that has never exceeded 700 people. Moreover, it has never received more than \$27 million a year from the 118 UN governments that support it. The United States contributes \$12 million. About \$7 million more has been raised annually through such enterprises as the greeting card sales and other appeals to the public. But the total never has gone above \$35 million a year.

UNICEF is to the health of the world's children what the Marshall Plan was to the health of the Euro-

pean economy—a pump-priming device whose main role is to stimulate local action. Every established nation that requests UNICEF help must agree to spend a matching dollar for every UNICEF dollar that it receives. In fact, the governments put up an average of \$2.50 for every UNICEF dollar. However, some new countries are not able to make such expenditures before they have organized their economies. In these exceptional cases, the rule is often overlooked.

"The welfare of their children is far more urgent than a strict adherence to rules," says UNICEF's present executive director, Henry Richardson Labouisse. "When you become emotionally involved in a situation, you put life above regulations."

We have had many opportunities to see examples of such emotional involvement. In a remote Turkish village, we found a young Swiss surgeon who was desperately awaiting prosthetic equipment for the arms and legs of a leper group. Leprosy seemed to have attacked even the youngest children.

We asked the physician how long he had been working here. "Three years," he said, then added, "though I volunteered for only two." And how long did he intend to remain? He motioned to the half dozen leprosy-stricken children who were waiting for him. "I have no idea," he replied. "As long as is necessary."

Almost every person who works for UNICEF, we discovered, becomes so deeply moved by his job



American artist Ezra Jack Keats offered these four designs on the "Joy of Sharing" for the 1966 series.

that he gives it whatever he has to give—in time, in money, in knowledge. Yet a full evaluation of the staff's efforts can never be made. How can statistics explain what it really took in ingenuity, patience, and determination to launch, say, a milk-pasteurization plant? UNICEF had to train people in agricultural schools for the operation of such plants. In India, UNICEF allocated \$750,000 for this training.

Then it turned out that in many developing nations there were no glass factories, and milk bottles were unavailable. Nor were there factories where paper containers could be manufactured, and to import them would be too costly. So machines had to be brought in to provide cheap plastic bags in which milk could be transported.

In spite of such problems, UNICEF has equipped 220 milk-processing plants which supply pasteurized milk, butter, cheese, and powdered milk to millions of families. More than 2.75 million children receive daily milk rations free or subsidized. "When we invest money in equipping a plant," Ron Hill, one of UNICEF's dairy experts, said, "we don't ask to be reimbursed. We ask only that the plants give free milk to those who cannot afford to pay for it."

In many instances, UNICEF-equipped health centers are even more difficult to establish than milk plants.

Along the Nile, for example, the agency's representatives found that 90 percent of all people, adults as well as children, were afflicted

with bilharziasis or "snail fever," a debilitating intestinal disease which the UN calls "second in its world impact only to malaria." UNICEF offered to equip urgently needed health clinics, and the government agreed to put up the buildings. But where would enough physicians be found who were willing to go to such remote tropical communities?

The Egyptian government solved the problem by conscripting young doctors as they graduated from medical college. Two years of work in a health center would be accepted as a substitute for military service and internship. What no one had anticipated was this: The conscripted young doctors become so dedicated to their work that, after the two-year assignments, 60 percent of them have been requesting the right to continue service in the remote villages!

BUT health centers, doctors, nurses, drugs—these are not enough to cope with all emergencies. The world's high birth rate has made the midwife almost as essential an adjunct to health as the doctor himself. And since it takes less time to train midwives than physicians, UNICEF concentrates on them.

Some regions have presented unique challenges, Kenya, for instance. There are areas in this African nation which have no illumination at night. So the new midwives have to be trained (with the help of a rubber reproduction of the female body) to assist in unilluminated midnight births by

sense of touch, and they have to be taught to identify drugs in darkness by their smell. Despite such difficulties, UNICEF's 20-year record is remarkable: it has helped train over 135,000 midwives. Upon graduation they are equipped with aluminum delivery kits and, in some areas, with much-needed motorbikes.

Turkey offers a composite of many of the problems that UNICEF has had to face in its efforts to serve the world's disadvantaged children. One of the difficulties of bringing aid to Turkey's 31 million people is that most of them, 65 percent, live in widely scattered, almost inaccessible mountain villages. There are some 34,500 of these hamlets, usually sheltered in valleys, with an average population of less than 600 inhabitants. Most have never had schools, health centers, or any other institutions devoted to improving living standards. In fact, 60 percent of the entire Turkish population is still illiterate.

So UNICEF, with only six people in its Turkish office, has had a difficult time. In some provinces like Gumushane, there was only one doctor for every 24,875 inhabitants. As for modern dentistry, it is virtually unknown.

But UNICEF's local officials, Mrs. Gertrude Lutz and her two Turkish assistants, Suat Cobanoglu and Frank Alp, found the government co-operative. Whatever they suggested, the officials were generally willing to try.

"If progress is slow here," Mrs.

Lutz told us, "it is largely because there are so *many* problems to be met that we must attend to first things first. Eventually, of course, we shall have to do an overall job. How much good will it do to inoculate a child against smallpox if you send him home to die of malnutrition? What good is treating him only for trachoma if you send him back to suffer from malaria, yaws, tuberculosis? If a ship has many leaks you have to work at plugging them all."

That, we found in Turkey and elsewhere, is exactly what the United Nations Children's Fund does: it works at a multiplicity of problems. In area after area, we saw pure water being piped down from nearby mountains into communities which had never before had any knowledge of sanitation. We found demonstration vegetable gardens to show people what they could grow with proper fertilizers: tomatoes, beans, peas, lettuce—all products never before cultivated here. And we found vocational schools that teach everything from agricultural methods to metalwork, woodwork, and mechanical care of farm equipment.

UNICEF efforts are constantly broadening in scope. The agency now is engaged in *more than 500 separate projects* throughout the 119 countries and territories that have asked its help. In the next few years, the number of such projects is bound to multiply. How else can UNICEF's efforts keep pace with the demands of a fast-growing world population? It is estimated that there are now some 800 million children in developing countries. *Most* of them—about 500 million—need assistance of one kind or other.

So one can understand why Executive Director Labouisse recently asked UNICEF's governing board of 30 members, meeting in Addis Ababa, Ethiopia, to raise the annual budget to \$50 million by 1969. This will require bigger contributions from the participating governments. It will also ask greater generosity from the public.

Many nations now have civic groups which raise funds for UNICEF's work.

The United States Committee for UNICEF, as an example, contributes over \$2.5 million annually from a single project: the Trick or

Treat program. This began when a Philadelphia church sent in \$17 the children in its church school had collected on Halloween "for needier children." The idea became so popular that now 3.5 million children all over the United States, representing more than 30,000 schools and churches, go out every Halloween to collect trick or treat funds on UNICEF's behalf. In fact, so popular is the program in the U.S. that it has been adopted in Canada where Canadian children are just as enthusiastic about collecting for the less fortunate.

Other countries have their own fund-raising methods. In Denmark, we saw children carrying huge stacks of old newspapers to school. Copenhagen's waterfront is the site of UNICEF's huge international warehouse, a five-building complex. To it come well over 3,000 items which the agency distributed to areas that require help. The old newspapers, collected by Copenhagen's children, are chopped up and used instead of sawdust for soft, safe packing!

VARIOUS other countries make their contributions to UNICEF in various ways. One year, Switzerland established voluntary "milk days" when schoolchildren brought money to class to provide milk for the needy of other lands. In England, Ireland, Australia, and several other nations, schoolchildren have set aside days for bringing pennies to class for UNICEF. This does more than raise money (about \$1.5 million a year), it teaches a young generation to care about those in other lands.

Institutions, too, take part. At the A. Holly Patterson Home for the Aged in Uniondale, N.Y., for example, hundreds of men and women prepare mailings of UNICEF greeting cards to potential customers. The work of these volunteers so far has saved UNICEF enough to protect 120,000 children from yaws, to buy antituberculosis vaccine for 300,000, and provide milk for 1.5 million.

In a number of nations, private national organizations—"Committees for UNICEF"—have adopted certain projects as their own. People in Great Britain are paying for a program that will improve maternal health in Malaysia. Contrib-

utors in the Netherlands are supporting the establishment of rural schools in Colombia. West Germany is paying for a vocational training plan in Tunisia. All this, UNICEF officials feel, ties peoples more closely to one another.

Not the least of UNICEF's values is something seldom mentioned; yet it is of tremendous importance. This was brought sharply to our attention in Paris, when we attended a UNICEF meeting in the office of Dr. Georges Sicault. There we commented on the fact that the eight people present represented France, England, Poland, Canada, West Germany, Turkey, India, and the United States. Dr. Sicault promptly said, "We do not consider nationalities here. We are simply eight people with a common cause."

His words underscored the significant fact that UNICEF provides an area in which the free world and the communist states can and do work together in harmony. As Director Labouisse says, "We believe that, by giving today's children a chance to grow into useful and happier citizens, UNICEF contributes to removing some of the seeds of world tension and future conflicts." Obviously most of the world agrees. Last year UNICEF received the Nobel Peace Prize.

Today, in its 20th year of existence, the United Nations Children's Fund can look back upon many achievements. But no one in its offices seems to be looking back. UNICEF people all talk only of the prodigious challenges that lie ahead. They speak of the African regions that have only one doctor for every 100,000 people. They speak of the fact that half the world's school-age population is still getting no education at all. They speak of the half billion children who are the victims of disease, of malnutrition, of ignorance.

Wherever these children may be and however inaccessible their homes, they are human beings who deserve the attention of the world: this is UNICEF doctrine.

Perhaps civilization is at last becoming ashamed of the fact that, while it is planning to conquer the moon, it has long been neglecting the more mundane needs of half a billion of earth's own children. It is a situation that surely needs to be corrected. UNICEF is dedicated to that task. □

She Needs Your Love

Little Mie-Wen in Formosa already knows many things . . . the gnawing of hunger . . . the shivering of fear . . . the misery of being unwanted.

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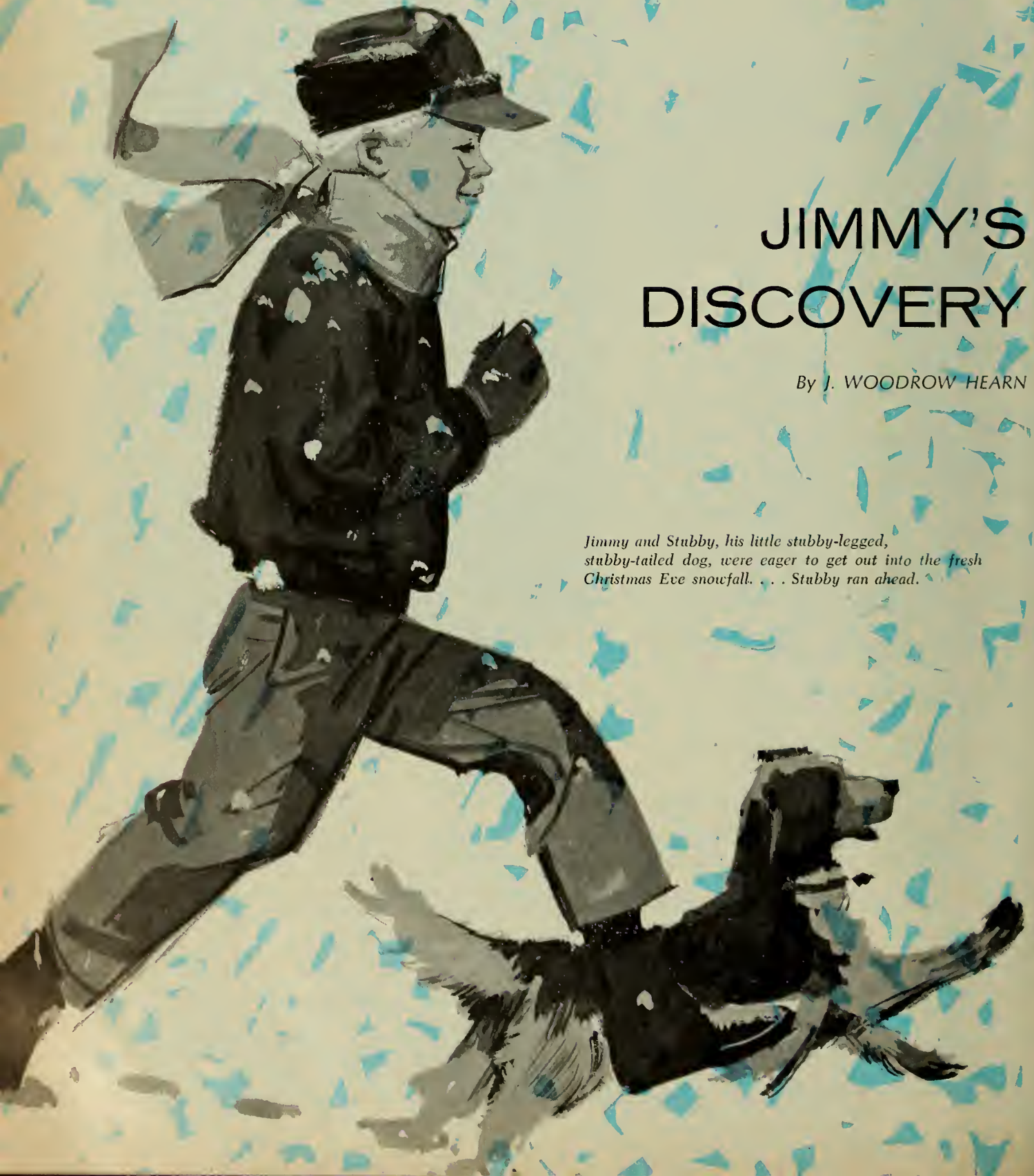
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JIMMY'S DISCOVERY

By J. WOODROW HEARN

*Jimmy and Stubby, his little stubby-legged,
stubby-tailed dog, were eager to get out into the fresh
Christmas Eve snowfall. . . . Stubby ran ahead.*



"AND BE careful crossing the street on the way to the store," said Jimmy's mother. "It's dusk and the car drivers can't see you very well. But I need more sugar if I'm going to finish these gingerbread men."

"Sure, sure, we'll be careful," said Jimmy as he snapped on his boots.

He and Stubby, his little stubby-legged, stubby-tailed dog, were eager to get out into the fresh Christmas Eve snowfall.

They banged out the door, Stubby running ahead and woofing joyfully. Mr. Mackson, the man next door, was shoveling his walk again, and snow was piled high in front of all the houses.

As they came to the corner, Jimmy called a warning, but Stubby darted joyfully ahead—right into the path of an oncoming car. A wheel hit Stubby, flung him in the air, and into a snowbank, where he lay whimpering. Jimmy ran to Stubby and tried to comfort him.

"What a thing to happen on Christmas Eve," sobbed the boy.

"Here, let me see what I can do," said a voice. Jimmy looked up through his tears to see Mr. Mackson.

"I took care of a lot of animals

when I was a boy on the farm," he said as he bent down.

"It might be a sprain or a broken leg," he added, feeling the swelling limb. "Let's get him inside where it's warm."

Mr. Mackson carefully picked up the little dog, and they went down into the Macksons' basement.

Jimmy watched Mr. Mackson make a splint for Stubby's leg out of two thin pieces of wood from his worktable and a clean rag torn into strips. Then the neighbor made a bed for Stubby near the furnace, using a piece of old rug.

"I think he will be more comfortable if we don't move him any more," said Mr. Mackson. "The sprain will be better tomorrow and probably you can take him home."

"OK," replied Jimmy unhappily. "Thanks, Mr. Mackson. It was swell of you to help. But why did God let this happen on Christmas Eve? Stubby never did any harm to anybody."

"Just be thankful that it wasn't worse. I don't think God lets such things happen. Many times we do. You should have put a leash on Stubby. You know how he runs ahead of you."

Jimmy smiled weakly and nodded.

"Thanks, again, Mr. Mackson," he said, and went on to the store.

That night, as he was finishing his prayer, Jimmy said:

"Thank you, God, for watching out for Stubby so he didn't get hurt really bad."

Jimmy was silent a moment. Then he looked up at his mother who was listening to his prayer.

"Mom, what's God really like? Mr. Mackson says God never lets accidents happen. He says sometimes we cause them."

Jimmy's mother thought a minute. "Yes, I suppose that's right. We believe many things about God. But the main thing we believe is that God loves us and cares for us in spite of our faults."

Jimmy's face lit up. "I understand," he said. "God helps us because we need him—sort of the way Mr. Mackson helped Stubby when he needed care."

Jimmy's mother smiled. "As you grow up," she said, "you'll learn more about God, but that's a good way to explain what God's love and care are like."

Jimmy lay back on his pillow, smiling. "I'm glad I found out about that," he said. "That's the best Christmas present of all." □

Snowstorm in a Fishbowl



'Thank You' Prayer For Understanding Parents

Thank you, God, for a Mom and Dad
Who understand when things go wrong,
Who know that my mistakes
Were not because I'm bad.

Thank you, God, for a Mom and Dad
Who know I want to do my best
Though often I'm a mischief
And they get a little mad.

When they understand, I know.
Dad roughs my hair,
Mom holds me tight.
Thanks, God. I know you planned it so.
—Ruth Baron

NO SNOW for Christmas? You can make your own snowstorm in a bowl and use it as a centerpiece on the table or mantel.

All you need is a clear glass container, such as a fishbowl, vase, or gallon jar; a figurine (it may be of china, glass, or even a heavy candle); 15 or 20 mothballs; harmless citric acid, which you may buy at the drugstore; and baking soda.

If the figurine is too light to stand upright in water, it might be weighted

with some small stones stuffed inside.

Place the figurine in the container, fill the container with water up to two inches from the top, and let it reach room temperature. Next, drop in 10 or 12 mothballs; then, for each two quarts of water, add a teaspoon each of baking soda and citric acid.

Gas bubbles will form on the mothballs, lighten them, and one by one they will float to the top of the water. When the bubbles burst in the air, the balls will drift to the bottom and stay

until more bubbles form and lift them up again.

If they do not start working immediately, add a little more of each powder. They should work for two hours or more. When they stop, add one-half teaspoon of either soda or acid. Whichever you use, next time add the other.

When the water becomes cloudy, empty the bowl and start over, using the same mothballs.

—DEE WOODS



Letters

Neither 'Shouts' Nor 'Prattle'

CARL ALLINGER, *Pastor*
Methodist Church
Hatfield, Ind.

In his article *The Courage to Doubt* [October, page 18], Dean Robert H. Hamill says some good things and states well-defined ideas. But when he quotes Luther to strengthen his argument, he throws his reasoning out of gear. He quotes Luther as saying that God prefers the angry shout of the atheist to the prattle of the pious.

Since when has God stooped to choosing the lesser evil? The God I worship chooses only the right. Neither the angry shout of an atheist nor the prattle of the pious is acceptable to God!

A Ridiculous Kind of 'Faith'

RICHARD C. MILLER
Philadelphia, Pa.

I was very much disappointed with *The Courage to Doubt*. This article concerns a faith which is neither biblical nor Christian. The author's statement concerning disbelief in God for God's sake, and consequent justification thereby, is patently ridiculous. The "faith" which Dean Hamill mentions certainly is not that of which Paul spoke so eloquently—faith in the finished work of Jesus Christ, the son of God.

As a student at Westminster Theological Seminary and a member of the Evangelical United Brethren Church, I read your magazine with avid interest. Your October editorial, *Reflections on an Anniversary* [page 17], mentions the fact that you do not speak officially for The Methodist Church. But I do feel that you represent the consensus of Methodist thinking, and it is because of this thinking, as reflected in your magazine, that I am opposed to the union of our denominations.

Doubt Is Not Denial

R. H. THOMPSON
Lake George, Minn.

Your October issue sets before us two interesting articles—especially interesting when considered together. I refer to Dean Hamill's *The Courage to Doubt* and Robert L. Gildea's *The Monkey Trial Isn't Over Yet!* [page 28].

I share Dean Hamill's concern for freedom to doubt, but I am disturbed

that he has equated doubt with denial. To doubt is to question. To deny is to cease questioning. Denial is as firm a position as are the religious beliefs of childhood. But doubt does not always lead to denial.

The temper of the article about the monkey trial is most unliberal. There is more than a little taste of the lash in the description of fundamentalists. Is there a doubt that the fundamentalists cited in the article as political activists are acting "with honesty, openness, and integrity"? This quarter requested by you in your editorial of the same issue [*Reflections on an Anniversary*, page 17] certainly should be extended to others. The fundamentalists may be acting upon their doubts about evolution—exercising their "courage to doubt"!

Are you going to come out later with "The Monkey Trial in Reverse"—the story of the recent attempts on the West Coast to bar schools from showing films from the Moody Institute of Science because they do not teach evolution?

'Revolt Against God'

MRS. W. D. THIESSEN
Beloit, Kans.

First you begin subtly undermining the Bible by promoting doubts about God's existence, then you come forth in open revolt against him in *The*



"I love to buy here—they're so nice about taking things back."

Monkey Trial Isn't Over Yet! You completely ignore such scientists as Pasteur, Newton, Faraday, and modern scientists who find stronger faith in the inerrancy of the Bible by their proven discoveries which shed more light on Bible truths.

Evolution teaching as shown in Mr. Gildea's article along with "legends and myths" of the Bible espoused by many churchmen are driving us fundamentalists who revere the Bible away from such apostate leadership. We see the Bible's prophecies fulfilled before our very eyes, archaeological discoveries proving it true in detail, and lives miraculously healed of sin and illness—all of which the modernists overlook. TOGETHER is progressive all right—toward Satan-inspired writers!

Evidence Not 'Overwhelming'

BOB RICHMOND, *Pastor*
Carter Park Methodist Church
Fort Worth, Texas

Robert Gildea asked, "Why is overwhelming scientific evidence supporting the theory (of evolution) rejected outright?" He seems to think it rather amusing that some people could see in the theory of evolution an act of faith on the part of its adherents. Perhaps the reason some people see things in this light is because the scientific evidence is not "overwhelming" and that belief in evolution does require a lot of faith.

In dealing with such a great subject as the origin of things, we all need to present our views with great humility. This will help us, no matter where we stand, from calling "overwhelming" that which is not and getting people's facts and faith all mixed up.

Time to Close Church Doors?

RAYMOND L. HAYES, *Pastor*
Pine Hills Methodist Church
Orlando, Fla.

If Mr. Gildea's article represents Methodist thinking, it would seem to me that since we no longer believe in the inspiration of the Holy Scriptures but have substituted a "human book" filled with legends and myths, then it would be best for us to close down the church, write "Ichabod" over the doors, and all join a good service organization. Without a divinely inspired book, we have nothing more to offer the world than have the Lions or Kiwanis clubs.

She Found No Flaws

MARGARET M. BENNETT
Gypsum, Kans.

Thank you for printing *The Monkey Trial Isn't Over Yet!* I did not know that this matter is again in the courts and of concern in many communities.

Four times I read the article looking

especially for flaws in the author's probe of the past for answers to a number of questions which he raised. So far as I can see, every sentence clearly and accurately states a well-known historical fact, not the writer's opinion. I think the discussion is excellent, scholarly, and highly commendable. Mr. Gildea said nothing that should offend either those who accept or those who reject the theory of evolution. For this he has my admiration and great praise.

Churches' Purpose Confused

SEYMOUR W. RUFF

Randallstown, Md.

Wayne C. Hartmire's article 'The Church's Mission Is at Stake' in the September Powwow, *The Grape Strike* [page 46], should have been titled "A Truly Confused Impression of Our Churches' Purpose." Without realizing it, Mr. Hartmire is dividing our church even more than it already is, and this is exactly what the Communists have been trying to accomplish for the past 30 years. Many of our Christian leaders are "sitting ducks" for the Communists.

Let us all get back to the real purpose of the church, basically to promote the love of man for God and "love thy neighbor as thyself." Paul counseled the Colossians to "seek the things that are above." Can you imagine what would happen in our churches if our leaders would follow this advice instead of helping to build up unions so they may better fight their employers, or rush off to Selma to protest against their fellowmen whom they judge as sinners?

Until more of our church leaders return to the basic teachings of Christ and our laity dispels their apathy and awakens to their responsibility, the church will continue its downward trend.

'Ministers Not Qualified'

EUGENE L. ABRAHAMSON

Hotchkiss, Colo.

We were gratified to read Neal D. Barker's article 'Churches Have Turned Against Farmers' in the September Powwow. He presented the view of our fruitgrowers very ably, and we were pleased that someone dared to speak out.

We feel that the church is hurting the situation by insisting that workers be unionized. Lack of understanding of the problems in dealing with migrant help result in the ministers' not being qualified to judge what really should be done.

Many migrant workers are men from broken homes, drug addicts, alcoholics, and others unable to adjust to life. These people constitute a major problem in the present society. Solving this problem should not be the responsi-

bility of the farmer simply because farm work is all that these men can do.

The much criticized piecework system is not only a safeguard to the employer to realize adequate production for the wages he pays out but also provides the opportunity for the worker to receive at least double what he would earn by a set hourly wage.

Truth Rejected for Propaganda

H. B. KEITH

Delano, Calif.

I have been a member of The Methodist Church for over 50 years and a regular subscriber of the *CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE* and *TOGETHER* which I had esteemed a worthy publication. But your September issue was the last straw. By publishing *The Grape Strike* you have indicated that you want to leave the path of truth and honesty and join in the field of propaganda.

What you have published as news of Delano and its problems is not really news. You can find the same in any communist paper in this country and Russia. The papers are full of this kind of undue publicity given to Delano. Your paper was not giving out news; it was only adding insult to injury to the farmers, churches, and business people in this area.

Old Ways Still Needed

MRS. HARRY WING

Downers Grove, Ill.

I was glad to see Bishop Gerald H. Kennedy's comment in *New Life Stirs an Old Structure* [September, page 3] that he was "a little weary of the brethren who say the old ways [of evangelism] won't work."

I commend the bishop for his belief regarding the older methods of evangelistic effort. (I do not mean being fanatical.) I believe that we should return to some of these programs as the way to arouse a deeper and more sincere spiritual response in people.

Another 'Involved' Teen

KATHY SIMPSON, Age 17

Indiana, Pa.

I could have stood up and cheered when I read the excerpt from Linda Guyer's Youth-Sunday sermon in the September *Teens Together* column [page 50]. I am really glad there are teens like Linda who have the courage to speak out on getting involved in the human race.

This past summer I had the wonderful opportunity to work for two weeks at Bethany House, the Methodist inner-city project on the north side of Pittsburgh. The teens who worked there were faced with the real challenge of getting involved with people of an entirely different cultural and economic background. We rubbed elbows with

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fruit trees, and all cedars!

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some of the best and worst people I have ever met. I came to realize that to live my faith I had to become involved.

Christians can't isolate themselves from the bad side of this earth. Christ was not afraid, and loved to associate with the "unlovely" and to break down the walls of prejudice. Are we, his followers, to do any less?

'Don't Fear Controversy'

ROBERT BREUNIG
Bowie, Md.

My sincere congratulations to you for publication of *TOGETHER*. I have enjoyed each issue and proudly display it in my home.

Don't be afraid to stir up controversy. It is a normal means of providing information. We depend on you for it. Every Methodist should be grateful and proud of this magazine.

Does the Tempo Matter?

MRS. ROBERT MENSING
Denver, Ind.

I respect the right of Mrs. E. L. Presley to dislike the use of jazz tempo in church music. [See *Jazz in Worship Sacrilegious*, October, page 72.] But to call it sacrilegious is not correct.

The dictionary gives the meaning of sacred to be anything "set apart for the service or worship of deity," and the Bible tells us to "make a joyful noise to the Lord." Jazz is often joyful and lively, with the accents in unusual places. But does it matter at what tempo the praises of God are sung?

So many churches today are stagnant. They are losing their young people. The older people are failing to accept what youthful Christians need to give them the desire to center their lives around the church.

I'm sure that God will especially bless the minister who takes the time to see that the young people entrusted to his care have the right to worship in ways interesting to them, preferably with more tender direction and fewer adult "don'ts."

Too Many Trivial Letters

GERALD F. HARRIS, Pastor
First Methodist Church
Auburn, N.Y.

Why do you publish so many negative letters on trivial subjects, such as dancing, jazz, and others? No doubt you are attempting to be fair, or does the staff have a group persecution complex? Or are positive letters too few to fill the space?

Your columns could better be given to letters that affirm and express the joy of the faith even if you do not receive many of them. Why clutter up the pages of an excellent Christian family magazine with the thoughts of those

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who live in moral and religious straightjackets and obviously never have experienced the abundant life that Jesus brought to mankind?

The image of American Methodism certainly is not unhappy, disgruntled, miserable, constrained Christianity, but warm, joyous, expressive responses to all life. Let's keep it ever so, even in our *Letters* columns.

No Quarrel From Her

MRS. J. F. EPPERSON

Pass Christian, Miss.

The October issue of TOGETHER is beautiful. Congratulations on the 10th anniversary. We have had every issue from the beginning, and it does not seem that many years.

The whole family enjoys the magazine. That doesn't mean we agree with every word printed or admire everything pictured. There's so much beauty (and humor?) in our Father's world that we won't quarrel when occasionally you see fit to print or picture something that we consider grotesque. We'll just turn the page. "Think and let think," Wesley said. We agree.

Another Girl, Another Bike

WILLIAM R. PAGE

Grand Forks, N.Dak.

The bicycle incident which Thelma L. Beach uses to open her article *What Is a Perfect Moment?* [September, page 23] so closely parallels one of my own experiences, it's spooky.

When our Carol was 10 years old, she and I went to look at a used bike that was advertised in a local paper. I found it in good shape and reasonably priced so I said, "We'll take it." Carol's face flushed, and she, with her pigtailed flying, jumped into my arms with a cry of joy and thankfulness. Truly it was a "perfect moment" for us.

Gospel Verses Deleted

MRS. M. E. FRERICHS

Scottsbluff, Nebr.

The article *Is There a Murderer Here?* by Pastor Harold P. Lewis [October, page 56] begins with the verse: "Neither do I condemn you; go, and do not sin again."—John 8:11.

After reading what Pastor Lewis had to say, I picked up a Bible to read John's eighth chapter from the beginning. To my surprise, I found the first 11 verses of the chapter had been deleted from this Bible. (It was presented to our son in 1960 in the 5th-grade Sunday-school class.)

Out of curiosity I checked the Bible which I received in 1942 at the time of my confirmation. The 11 verses are in it. I am going to put the "revised" edition away and keep out my own.

Researchers have found that this passage (actually beginning with John



If you leave no will, your whole lifetime of Christian stewardship can be wiped out overnight

All your life you've been faithful in your use of this world's goods. While your children were still in their cribs you began saving for their education. Through modest investments you've provided them a debt-free home and extra income for a "rainy day". You've made it a rule to give back to God through His church a substantial portion of the good things He has given you.

But suppose you leave no will? Or suppose you leave only a "do-it-yourself" will, scribbled off and tucked away in the desk? What happens at your life's end? Depending on local laws, the state may provide only meagerly for your loved ones. There'll be little chance of your church receiving the help you'd like to provide it after your death.

The World Division of the Board of Missions recommends you consider making it the beneficiary of a bequest, with the stipulation that annuity agreements be issued to your loved ones upon your death. In this way, you will provide them an assured income with substantial tax savings and free them of the burdens of estate management. Upon their deaths, your earthly treasure will serve the church perpetually, spreading the Gospel to the ends of the earth.

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7:53) does not appear in early manu-
scripts of John's Gospel and apparently
was inserted several centuries after the
book was written. In one important an-
cient source, these verses appear, not in
John, but in Luke. Mrs. Frerich's son
apparently received a copy of the Re-
vised Standard Version. Some RSV
editions include these verses in footnote
form, while others have the passage in
its expected place but printed in italic
type with footnote reference to its ques-
tioned authenticity. Similar practice is
followed in the New English Bible, pub-
lished in 1961.—Eds.

Teaching to Build, Not Destroy

MRS. R. J. SYNWOLT
Muskegon, Mich.

What the Draft Could Teach [Sep-
tember, page 13] was received with
gratitude and enthusiasm by this mother
of three.

How I wish we could become really
excited about alternative, nonmilitary
service to one's country. If we teach
our children to build and not to destroy,
then they should have an opportunity
to serve their country and all mankind
in constructive ways, not in killing
their fellowmen.

Not 'Delightful' for Families

W. J. RICHARDSON
Haddonfield, N.J.

Pastor W. Goddard Sherman, in his
Open Pulpit sermon *Up the Down
Staircase* [August, page 47], describes
Bel Kaufmann's book of the same title
as "delightful." Some of the language
used in this book and some of the
ideas expressed in it hardly classify
it as a book that the gentleman should
describe as "delightful" reading for his
family, for example.

'Catching the Excitement'

MRS. ROD A. RODERICK
Houston, Texas

Thank you for the exceptionally fine
and exciting magazine *TOGETHER* has
become over the past few years. You
are catching the excitement and chal-
lenge of God at work in our times.

Orchestrate the Hymnal

J. EDWIN HOYER
Stewardson, Ill.

After reading Carlton R. Young's
article *Our New Methodist Hymnal*
[October, page 66], this thought came
to me: Why doesn't someone publish a
complete orchestral arrangement of our
new hymnal and make copies available
for anyone interested?

There are few churches that do not
have several members who play instru-
ments in high-school bands or else-
where, and they all could be included
in a church orchestra if orchestral ar-

rangements of the hymns were avail-
able. Such an orchestra could be very
attractive to the youth of any church.

'Listen to What They Say'

MRS. EDWARD HICKS
West Bend, Wis.

The story *Pop*, in the August issue
[page 24], is wonderful. I hope every-
one reads it and heeds the message
Dana Brookins provides.

So many elderly people are passed
by in this day and age. We live so
much faster than our parents and
grandparents did. I have learned to re-
member names, places, and events that
older people talk about, and it pleases
them so much to know someone has
actually listened to what they say.

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP,
MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULA-
TION, OCTOBER 1, 1966 (as re-
quired by act of October 23, 1962;
Section 4369, Title 39, United States
Code) of *TOGETHER*, published
monthly at 201 Eighth Avenue, South,
Nashville, Tennessee 37203, with head-
quarters and business offices at same
address.

John E. Procter certifies that he is Vice-
President in Charge of Publishing of
said publication and that the following
is to the best of his knowledge and
belief, a true statement of ownership,
management and circulation of the
aforesaid publication for the date
shown in caption:

1. That the names and addresses of
the publisher, editorial director,
editor, and managing editor are:

Publisher, Lovick Pierce, Nash-
ville, Tennessee 37203

Editorial Director, Dr. Ewing T.
Wayland, Park Ridge, Illinois
60068

Editor, Richard C. Underwood,
Park Ridge, Illinois 60068

Managing Editor, Paige Carlin,
Park Ridge, Illinois 60068

2. That the owner is the Board of
Publication of The Methodist
Church, Inc. d/b/a The Methodist
Publishing House.

3. That there are no bondholders,
mortgages or security holders.

4. That the printing and circulation
is as follows:

Total number of copies printed—

Average for preceding 12

months 712,917

Single issue nearest filing

date 685,000

Paid Circulation—

Average for preceding 12

months 636,568

Single issue nearest filing

date 619,145

Sales through agents or

dealers— none

Free distribution—

Average for preceding 12

months 56,542

Single issue nearest filing

date 65,420

Total number of copies distrib-

uted—

Average for preceding 12

months 693,110

Single issue nearest filing

date 684,565

Christmas is a time for giving . . .

. . . to honor the birthday
of the gift of the heavenly
Father to us.

What a wonderful Christian
occasion. Many have prayed
that this spirit could last
throughout the entire year.
One said he wished the
Christmas spirit could be
put up in jars and one
opened every month.

Your gift of TOGETHER
magazine, to a friend or
loved one, is such a gift. At
mid-month, **every** month,
your gift expresses the
Christmas message of uni-
versal brotherhood . . . Peace
on earth good will to men.



The cost is \$2.52 a year. See your church agent.

K E E P **Together.**

IN THE METHODIST FAMILY CIRCLE



From the field where, tradition says, the shepherds lay when they saw the star of Bethlehem, this is how the "little town" looks



A late afternoon service on Christmas Eve brings pilgrims out to Shepherds' Field to sing carols in many tongues and hear the Gospel story in Arabic and English. Then they enjoy a shepherd's supper in a nearby cave.

Throngs view a process of the Latin patriarch, and entry into Nativity Church the day before Christmas. Five different celebrations take place there before Armenian ceremonies end the season on January



Christmas IN BETHLEHEM

♦ BETHLEHEM of Judea, where Jesus was born. A little town to sing about. Where thousands of pilgrims and curious visitors come each year to see the holy places.

Christmas in Bethlehem? Fly to modern Jordan. You are in the Arab world, six miles out of Jerusalem. Unseen by visitors are the weeks of preparation—sewing bright new clothes, baking goodies, housecleaning.

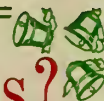
On Christmas Eve, late in the afternoon, families and pilgrims throng to a slope of olive groves called Shepherds' Field. From here, they say, the shepherds saw the bright star that led them to the Child. Clear, chill air is filled with carols in many tongues. The Gospel story is read aloud in Arabic and English. Then, in a nearby cave that nature has carved out of the limestone rock, a shepherds' supper of flat loaves, broiled lamb cubes, and olives.

Desserts come later, at home or in your hotel—rich, delicious *ma' moul* pastries. If you visit a Bethlehem family, you find the children laughing as they perform for their parents and wait for Santa, a recent tradition from the West. And how does he come? On camelback across the desert, of course. And under the family tree are gifts, with a Bethlehem crèche the center of all.

As midnight nears, all who can will worship in the Church of the Nativity, dating from the sixth century, now shared by Latin, Orthodox, and Armenian Christians. Today it is open to all who come to worship. In its grotto is the spot where tradition says Jesus was born.

Expectancy mounts as the congregation goes inside. Then, at the stroke of midnight, comes the joyous sound carried around the world by radio: the peal of bells proclaiming, "Christ is born in Bethlehem!"





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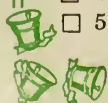
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